The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1931 NUMBER 862

Contents

The Week 81

Editorials

Ku Kluxism at Ohio State University 83
Why Not Own the Railroads? 85
Mexico Moves to the Right 86

General Articles

Big Business and Banditry ..... Jesse Rainsford Sprague 87
Aladdin's Lecture Palace ..... Edmund Wilson 90
What Delays Revival ..... Isador Lubin 92
Night-Piece (verse) ..... Léonie Adams 93
Lies About Russia ..... Louis Fischer 94
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 96
Indicative Portraits: III ..... Stark Young 98

Correspondence 99

Reviews of Books

The Conversion of John Hay ..... Granville Hicks 100
The Boss ..... M. R. Werner 102
Picaresque ..... Alvah C. Bessie 102
A Journalist vs. a Nation ..... H. N. Brailsford 103
Book Notes 104

The Week

HOOVER at Valley Forge tries to persuade us that in this depression he is following the example of Washington at Valley Forge, and that all the rest of us, like Washington's soldiers, ought to be faithful to the ideals which he calls American. Words which the President uses, like steadfastness of will, clarity of thought, resolution of character, fixity of purpose, have a noble sound. But the qualities for which they stand may be employed for almost any end. No doubt the British who opposed Washington enjoyed a full share of these virtues. And what is the end for which Mr. Hoover now counsels patient endurance? Preservation of "the energies of private initiative, of independence and a high degree of individualism"—in other words, the precise form of planless, competitive capitalism which now lays siege to our economic army. Washington, we fancy, would have been the last to counsel his soldiers that their salvation lay only in their individual action and that nobody was competent to plan a campaign for them. Too many of Washington's soldiers, imbued with this sort of "American individualism," deserted, leaving the common cause to look out for itself while they devoted themselves to their own affairs.

MR. Hoover speaks of temptations and allurements which would seduce us from the high duty of individualism. One of them is the "special claim that everybody, collectively, owes each of us, individually, a living rather than an opportunity to earn a living." What is this left-handed admission that there is a collective responsibility to offer everyone an opportunity to earn a living? Surely the tempter there spoke through Mr. Hoover's own mouth. After all, if this is true, we really ought to do something about the six or more million unemployed. What is necessary in order that society may give everyone an opportunity to earn a living? We wish Mr. Hoover would tell us. Action to achieve this end might go far. If the President would concentrate a little more on what the collective obligations are instead of on what they are not, we might have some real leadership. But, alas, Mr. Hoover is convinced that we are living a hundred and fifty years ago, and that, in his own very words, "We are still fighting this war of independence." Only now it is not just independence of England, but independence of one another. Planning is barred, except in so far as it is done for each of us by himself. One hundred million people, says Mr. Hoover, cannot hire anyone to plan. At least he does not want them to. For the American experiment is an "amazing success." And we are now enjoying, according to President Hoover, a "greatness unparalleled in the world's history."

THE Vatican and the Fascists in Italy are natural opponents; the Lateran agreement could scarcely signalize a permanent peace, but only a truce between two powers which had somehow to get on with each other. The Vatican cannot really regard Church and State as moving in two wholly independent realms anywhere, and still less so at the seat of its government; while it recognizes perforce the existence of outside temporal powers, it does wish to influence mundane affairs for the sake of their effect on religion. And Fascism pretends to be a complete philosophy and a way of life as well

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a political movement. Both institutions want to engage the faith and loyalty of youth. It is therefore on the battlefield of the lay organizations, and especially those composed of youth, that their fundamental opposition has broken out. Whether the outbreak at this time is the result of accident or design it is difficult to say. But there is a possibility either that the Church believes Mussolini is weakening so rapidly that the time for further gains is at hand, or that Mussolini, sensing his growing weakness and fearing the growing power of the Church, has decided to stop its encroachments if he can.

THE new Treasury bond issue of $800,000,000 is the largest since the War. More important than that, it is the only bond issue since the War necessitated by the fact that revenues are insufficient to meet current expenditures. Its purpose is to replace part of the government's outstanding short-term securities, now totaling more than $3,000,000,000. More issues for the same purpose are likely to come. This means that the administration has adopted the policy of meeting the deficit by borrowing instead of by increasing taxes. If it were not so, short-term securities would have tided us over until taxes could be raised. This policy is injurious in two important ways. First, it constitutes an increase in the national debt and a heavier burden on the future, without any compensating addition to public building or other permanent improvement. Second, it employs the government's borrowing power in the bond market merely for the purpose of paying normal governmental expenditures, when that borrowing power ought to be utilized for a large and extraordinary construction program to minimize unemployment. It all comes down to this—in the calculations of the administration, the desire of the more fortunate sections of the community to avoid taxation is more important than the dire need of the unemployed.

SECRETARY Stimson's announcement that the Americans will be withdrawn from Haiti in much less time than had been agreed came at a moment when it was badly needed. The seemingly inexplicable delays in carrying out the recommendations of the Forbes Commission had led to the general belief in Haiti that the whole plan was in danger of nullification through the opposition of American officials there. The Haitians, illogically but not unnaturally, vented their dissatisfaction upon the government of President Stenio Vincent. He and his Cabinet were put into an impossible position. They could neither hasten the process of Haitianization, nor explain nor justify the delay. The resignation and reorganization of the Cabinet was the result. The new government is a strong one; and it is a sign of the times that it should contain several stalwart opponents of the American occupation. Mr. Stimson's announcement may be taken as a warning that the obstructionist tactics of the American citizens in Haiti must cease immediately and that the Hoover policy must be carried out.

THE excellence of Governor Roosevelt's appointments to the St. Lawrence Power Authority—including not only a vigorous contender for the public like Frank P. Walsh but an engineering expert like Morris L. Cooke, is attested by the comment made on them by Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock in The Wall Street Journal. Mr. Woodlock's argument is, in effect, that these gentlemen are so zealous in their defense of the public interest, and are so opposed to many of the customary practices of the utilities, that the transmitting and distributing companies cannot make with them a "fair" contract such as could be made between two business corporations having substantially equal bargaining power. This naïve revelation of the utilities' point of view begs the real question at issue. The utilities are in business for as much profit as possible and naturally would like to make an agreement such as they often make with one another, dividing the "gravy." But the conception which Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Cooke have of the situation is rather that the utilities ought to be public servants, to whom the state delegates the right to supply an essential public service, but on the basis of a return which is only sufficient to attract the necessary capital to an enterprise involving very little risk. Indeed, if the consumers must pay to a private utility more than they would have to pay for the same service to a publicly owned institution, there is very little reason for the existence of the private concern. It follows that if the utilities will not sign a contract which is considered fair to the public by experts holding these views, it is much better that no contract be signed, and that the state go into the business of transmission for itself.

BY ANOTHER five-four decision, the Supreme Court has supported the freedom of the press in holding unconstitutional a Minnesota law which established a censorship, by prohibiting the publication of any journal declared by judicial authority to be a public nuisance. The law was aimed at what was supposed to be a scandal sheet. The Supreme Court majority, consisting of Justice Hughes, Holmes, Brandeis, Stone and Roberts, while disapproving of malicious journalism, held that the proper remedy consists in libel action after publication, rather than in forbidding anything to be published. Clearly this principle is the only dependable safeguard of liberty of the press; no authority is to be trusted to decide in advance what the public may or may not see. It is interesting that the attack on the law was supported by perfectly reputable newspapers, some of them of a type which rarely takes sides in other struggles on behalf of civil liberties. People are always more ready to defend their own liberties than those of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others. And it would be well if the managements of many American newspapers would take to heart the principle enunciated by the Supreme Court, and suppress fewer items of legitimate news and opinion in their own pages. For a narrow-minded censor in the editorial chair is no better than one in public office.

THE goddess of fate is a gifted novelist in her fashion, even though she has a weakness for imitating the more fantastic fictions of Jules Verne. When she impelled Professor Piccard to embark on his amazing journey into the stratosphere, she supplied almost all the elements of a first-class mystery-thriller. Sex interest was omitted, it is true, but there was everything else that readers most desire. First of all there was the scientist himself, with his bright obstinate eyes, his domed forehead and his general look of being a visitor from Mars. There was the young assistant who, with his glasses off, takes a rather attractive photograph. There was the marvelous balloon with its airtight aluminum car—the long suspense as it drifted over the Alps (like Tom Sawyer's balloon drifting over the Sahara)—the descent on a glacier in the Oetzthaler Mountains—the announcement that all records had been broken—then finally the gathering of correspondents from Europe and America to the village of Ober-Gurgl, where the story ended with the overt gurgling of beer from many casks. And the world looked on, trying to believe that it was impressed by a scientific discovery, when, as a matter of fact, it was thrilled by watching a Jules Verne novel in action.

THE fact that President Richard Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange is moving for a higher standard of honesty in the financial reports of investment trusts is an indication that at least some of the evils pointed out by Mr. John T. Flynn in these pages months ago are becoming more widely recognized. The St. Louis Star in an editorial calls attention to deceptive figures which it has found in the annual reports of some of the trusts. A typical instance of the sort, according to The Star, is that of a medium-sized corporation which reported for last year a net profit of $6,000,000, although it had charged against surplus its inventory losses, advertising and development expenses. Under correct bookkeeping, it would have shown a net profit one-tenth the size of that it actually reported, and the fact would have appeared that the dividends were really paid from surplus. This company has changed management, and although it is really doing better this year than last, its statements appear unfavorable when compared with the previously inflated profit figures. Another company, a large one, under new management threw out $96,000,000 in dubious assets and $59,000,000 in good will and patents. A corporation lists among its assets $46,000,000 as the value of the stock which it owns in a holding company. This holding company, which has a funded debt and preferred capitalization of $30,000,000, owns a subsidiary the market value of whose stock is only $27,000,000. Its real value is therefore represented by a deficit of $3,000,000 instead of assets of $46,000,000. And so on. Such exceptions to the established practices of bookkeeping make it dangerous for anyone to invest in trusts without the aid of independent and expert analysis.

IN ITS issue of April 8 The New Republic printed an article by Isaac Schwartz describing his experience in a Florida labor camp. While the facts of his adventure are not disputed, his article should have stated that the incident took place some years ago and that, since then, Florida has passed a law prohibiting the leasing of convicts to private individuals. It must be added, however, that The New Republic has received from independent sources other, contemporary, accounts of cruelty to prisoners in Florida. These are being investigated and the results will be published in our pages at a later date.

Ku Kluxism at Ohio State University

THE NEVER ending struggle for academic freedom in America has flared up again, this time at Ohio State University. Professor Herbert A. Miller, one of the country's leading sociologists, described by Dr. James E. Hagerty, head of his department, as the best known member of the entire university faculty, has been dismissed from his post by the Board of Trustees. Ohio State has the outrageous system of one-year tenure in office; Professor Miller was notified at the very end of the school year that his contract would not be renewed, though the action appears to have been taken some time earlier, and had been kept secret even from Dr. Hagerty. The incident has resulted in formal protests by a group of the faculty, by the students, and by clergymen in Columbus, the city where the institution is located. The American Association of University Professors will undoubtedly investigate and, if their findings are unfavorable to the Board of Trustees, will advise their members not to accept future employment at Ohio State.

Newspaper dispatches have conveyed the impression that Professor Miller was dismissed because he was opposed to compulsory military training, but this is only a small part of the story. Much more important were three other matters: his attitude on racial relations, including the question of hostility to Jews and Negroes; a speech he made in Korea, which was interrupted by Japanese police; and another speech delivered at a Gandhist meeting in Bombay. Since the objections of the Trustees in regard to each of these matters throw significant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light on their attitude in general, they are worth recounting in detail.

The Trustees complain that Professor Miller's liberal attitude on race questions is objectionable and has resulted in protest from the parents of some of the students. The head of the Sociology Department says he has heard of no such complaints. Professor Miller's courses have not been compulsory for anybody, so it would seem that parents who feared their children might be contaminated by his liberalism could have removed their darlings without difficulty. It also seems plain that whether or not some parents objected to Mr. Miller's doctrines, the Board of Trustees itself did so. It should not be forgotten that Ohio for the past decade has been one of the great centers of the Ku Klux Klan, with its sharp hostility to Negroes and Jews. The Klan as an organization is almost defunct, but its principles go marching on.

The next item is one which is simply funny. Professor Miller in the course of a world tour visited Korea, which is, of course, a conquered nation held in subjugation by Japanese bayonets. He was invited to make a speech before Ohio State University graduates and other Americans, and did so. The Japanese police granted permission for the meeting, and several of them were present. Mr. Miller spoke on conditions in Europe, and when he remarked that Czechoslovakia is now a republic, and doing well, the police (no doubt, correctly!) judged that this observation was seditious, and closed the meeting.

The incident of the speech in Bombay is almost equally ludicrous. Professor Miller attended a meeting at which Gandhi was present. Repeatedly pressed to make a speech, he finally yielded, in order, he says, not to hurt the feelings of the Indians, and made an address of less than a hundred words. When the Board of Trustees subsequently objected to his having done so, he showed them the text, which he had written out. The Board, whose ignorance of journalism matches its evident ignorance of almost everything else, made a great point of the fact that his text was shorter than that which appeared in The Bombay Chronicle, a native English-language newspaper which supports the Gandhist cause. We think our readers may be interested in comparing the two versions, which we reprint below:

Bombay Chronicle Report

I feel that it is not right that an American should be asked to speak at this meeting. But I am a professor who is interested in learning how people try to solve their problems. I have spent five years in India and have seen many of the great men of India. I know that the whole world is looking toward the noble experiment that Mahatma Gandhi has started, and they are trying to discover two things. The first is, how much you are interested in the movement, and second, how will you settle the differences between you.

I feel that this movement is very characteristic of the history of India. For the last five thousand years the great contribution of India has been religion. The thing you are trying to do now is to bring religion to the solution of two great problems that I have mentioned, namely, the problem of settling your differences in a genuine religious spirit and the problem of applying religion to the solution of practical problems. The success of this movement will be the greatest contribution that India would ever make to human affairs.

Professor Miller's Report

I do not think it appropriate for an American to speak at this time. I am simply the sort of a professor who is interested in learning how people try to solve their problems. India has been experimenting with religion for five thousand years, and now all the world is watching to see how she applies religion to the solution of her internal and external problems.

The several points to be made about this speech are first, that the two versions do not differ in any important point, and second, that neither of them says anything which fits the Trustees' description as "inciting the natives to civil disobedience." But even if it did, what of it? Since when has it been a crime for an American college professor to express his sympathy with a movement such as Gandhi's? Mr. Miller was not a member of the diplomatic corps; thousands of other Americans in comparable walks of life—including some college professors who are lucky enough not to teach at Ohio State—have gone very much farther in the same direction than he has done. If to be a college teacher means that you must wear a muzzle in regard to one of the most important of all contemporary movements, then Heaven help the colleges! And incidentally, we should like very much to know how the Board of Trustees came into possession of The Bombay Chronicle containing Professor Miller's speech, which was not reported elsewhere. It is unthinkable that anyone in this group of small-town Ohio business men should be a subscriber. Did the British Secret Service, by any chance, have anything to do with it, directly or otherwise? We have no evidence that it did; but certainly such a thing would be entirely in harmony with its past history in the United States.

The state of mind of the Trustees is indicated by their present vague charges that "communistic influences" are at work on the Ohio State campus—charges which have been sufficiently answered by a joint statement in denial, signed by five Deans. There has been talk of a "witch-hunting" investigation by the state legislature, inspired of course by the fight against the present system of compulsory military training, to see to what extent Communism is rampant on the campus. A much more sensible thing would be for the state legislature to investigate the politically appointed, glaringly unfit Board of Trustees, and trace out the Ku Kluxism by which they are all too plainly animated. Such an investigation should of course include President George W. Rightmire, who has with alacrity done the bid-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ding of the Trustees even when he must have known that he was wrecking his institution.

For the real tragedy at Ohio State is not that of Professor Miller, whose standing and ability are such that his future will take care of itself. It is the tragedy of his colleagues who will remain in a state of terrorization, trying their uncomfortable best to present in the classroom a picture of the world appropriate to the ignorance and chauvinism of the Trustees. It is the tragedy of the students who thus early in life get a lesson in the cost to the individual of liberalism, intellectual candor and an active interest in the affairs of the world. It is the tragedy of the institution, which will be unable to attract good teachers, or to command respect in the academic world. Does the state of Ohio, which after all has some reputation as a progressive, prosperous and literate community, want this to happen?

Why Not Own the Railroads?

EVERY time the railroads are in trouble they run to the government for help. When they are not in trouble they, like the other branches of American industry, denounce "governmental interference with business." No doubt governmental interference does occasionally create trouble for business. But how government can help without interfering it is hard to see. Perhaps the way out of both assistance and interference is government ownership. We agree with Interstate Commerce Commissioner Eastman, who recently reaffirmed his belief that "government should assume complete responsibility for such business as is now under an elaborate system of public regulation, under which it divides responsibility and control at present with private enterprise." In other words, why not adopt that cardinal principle of good management, which is to unite power with responsibility?

The immediate occasion for Mr. Eastman's remarks was the plea of the Association of Railway Executives that other and competing means of transportation—such as busses, trucks, pipe lines and water transport—be brought under federal regulation. The railroads have in recent years lost large amounts of traffic to these other common carriers. Their profits are endangered, and even their market for bonds may shrink so that it will be difficult for them to maintain the service which is essential. They are suffering from the depression as well, of course, but that would not worry them so much if the more lasting trend were controlled. They want the power to acquire these new competitors if they can, and in any case they want the government to boost rates which have been set by the free competition of the unregulated agencies, so that their own business may be safeguarded. Independently of this plea, they are also moving for an advance of their own rates. But such action would probably be futile unless the charges of their competitors were also increased. It would drive more business away and would not much help the railroads.

It is anomalous, to say the least, that the railroads should be appealing to government to raise the prices of transportation at a time when a falling price trend is general, and when almost all other industry is striving to find ways to sell more cheaply in order to gain a larger volume of business. That certain industries should be enabled, in the public interest, to charge more than they do, even though others are charging less, is entirely possible. But the question is clouded when private profits are at stake. Certainly a transportation agency whose primary objective was not profit, but service, could be expected to resort to every other expedient of justifiable economy before trying to raise prices, especially in a situation like the present. It is absurd at this juncture to ask the government, as a representative of the public, to increase railroad rates when it has not the power to see that our transportation system is operated as well as possible.

That it could be more efficiently operated under unified management, there is little doubt. In the absence of a single public railroad authority, much might be done by coöperation among existing units. But these units, like other private enterprises under the system of individualism which is so dear to the heart of President Hoover, find it exceedingly difficult to coöperate. "It has occurred to me," said Mr. Eastman, "that the Association of Railway Executives is a relatively ineffective organization in many respects because it is made up of a large number of strong-minded and strong-willed individuals, each accustomed to dominate and each primarily interested in the welfare of his own particular property. It is difficult for such an organization to work as a unit for a common end."

One of the primary purposes of federal railroad regulation in the first place was to prevent such individuals from ruining one another's properties by rate wars. This they are now forbidden to do, but they have not succeeded well enough in the task of positive management of the country's railroads considered as a whole so that they can withstand the rate cutting of their new competitors. Their recommendation is that these competitors should also be made subject to regulation. Possibly this would be desirable. But a more organic and intelligent type of management would be more desirable in the long run.

As long as a business cannot be successfully carried on without regulation, the "sound and sensible way" is "for the government to assume complete responsibility for it." This would be preferable "to the present system of divided responsibility and dual control." Complete governmental responsibility does not mean entrusting the railroads to a bureaucracy. It does not mean killing such alertness as is now found under private enterprise. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means creating a governmentally controlled corporation with competent management. That would not be unduly difficult to do. Canada has done it. Americans have done it for certain other purposes —witness the New York Port Authority. We cannot better Mr. Eastman's statement that "if the same amount of ingenuity were devoted to the subject as has been devoted, for example, to the creation of the intricate and largely vicious mazes of holding companies and interlaced subsidiaries, it would be quite possible to evolve a plan of complete governmental responsibility for the transportation service which would retain most of the merits of private initiative."

Mr. Eastman thinks the country is not ripe yet, either for such ideas or for their execution. He records the suggestion only that he may some time have the pleasure of saying, "I told you so." If the opinion of business and political leaders is not ripe, at least the situation calling for intelligent action is overripe. One fears that by the time business executives get around to them, ideas of this sort will not go far enough to save what is left. In that case, saying "I told you so" will be a melancholy pleasure.

Mexico Moves to the Right

THE PRESENT government of Mexico long ago made peace with the United States; and when it did so it moved so sharply to the right that it now seems in some danger of losing sight of the ideals of the revolution. Certainly, it can better be charged with Fascism than with radicalism at the present day. So keen is its eagerness to ensure "peace and order" and make the country again an attractive field for foreign investment and loans that the present regime is beginning to be compared to that of Porfirio Diaz. Another important charge against the Ortiz Rubio administration is that it is a "caste government" which, abandoning the principles of the revolution, is sacrificing the interests of the Indians for those of white or mixed population.

Indicative of the way things are going in Mexico is the recent incident involving Señor Luis Cabrera, a leading attorney of Mexico City. Cabrera has been arrested and forced to leave Mexico; he is at present in Guatemala. The official explanation is that by his arrest the government broke up a dangerous cabal; but Cabrera's friends say his only crime was a little plain and honest speaking about the present Mexican situation. Cabrera came into the limelight with a lecture on "The Balance Sheet of the Revolution," given in the National Library in Mexico City. This lecture was considered of sufficient importance to be published serially in El Universal, one of the leading Mexican newspapers; but after the first few instalments, publication was suddenly and mysteriously discontinued. It is reported in Mexico City that pressure of the usual sorts was brought to bear upon the newspaper to cause this action.

A study of the full text of Señor Cabrera's speech reveals why it caused such a furore. He charges the government with failing to carry out the principles of the revolution in many important particulars. It has not, he said, divided the large estates or created a small land-holding class; its irrigation projects remain on paper, as do the proposals for creating agricultural credit facilities. This famous principle of "no reëlection" has been evaded; the army, the courts, the press, all do the bidding of the ruling clique. Politics, both national and local, is in the hands of bosses; the right of suffrage is withheld from many citizens; the soldier's musket decides the popular elections while the venal press looks on and complacently applauds.

This speech is believed to have been the real reason for the exile of Cabrera, which has in turn been followed by a storm of comment and protest which is indicative of a serious condition of strain. An important incident, almost overlooked in the American daily press, was the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Vazquez del Mercado, as a gesture of disapproval of the treatment of Cabrera. The National Federation of University Students of Mexico has also protested, and is asking that the Supreme Court should investigate the conduct of the police, who are reported to have evicted Señor Cabrera from the country in defiance of a court order guaranteeing the safety of his person. The Ortiz Rubio government, of course, is making the usual mistake of assuming that by exiling the critic you can stop his criticism. King Alfonso of Spain made the same error in regard to Unamuno. A genuinely ruthless dictatorship can lock up or kill off its opponents fast enough to keep the surface semblance of tranquility for a time; but the Mexican government is probably not prepared to go through with such a drastic program, and even if it did, it would at last suffer the inevitable reaction. There is only one effective way to answer such critics as Cabrera: to rectify the conditions of which they complain.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Business and Banditry

IT WAS during the Coolidge prosperity era that I called on my friend Mr. Nathansky in his grocery store. Mr. Nathansky's eighteen-ear-old son Irving was just going out, rather ılkily, to deliver a package of groceries. The ıorning newspaper lay on the counter. The ucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic hurch was in session at Chicago, and on its front age the newspaper carried President Coolidge's ıessage to the church dignitaries. Mr. Nathansky sked me if I had read the message.

I had read it. It was one of those literary efforts ı which Mr. Coolidge was at his best. There was, erhaps, a touch of too ardent patriotism, as when e reminded the Roman churchmen of America's naterial prosperity and added "in that direction we ıave been more successful than others." And gain: "If America is advancing economically," he President stated, "it is because of the deep re-igious convictions of its people." From the tenor ıf the message I had the impression that Mr. Coolidge believed the Eucharistic Congress to be ome sort of an international conference of Y. M. C. A. executives.

I was surprised to find that Mr. Nathansky re-ented the message deeply. He said Mr. Coolidge hould not talk so much about America being so ich and prosperous. In the first place, Mr. Nathansky said, there was no prosperity in the grocery business what with two chain grocery stores pening up in his block. And in the second place, the talk about Americans being riche: than anyone else had a terrible effect on young fellows like Mr. Nathansky's son Irving.

"Already my boy believes he is entitled to have everything like a rich millionaire," Mr. Nathansky exploded vehemently. "When he reads in the paper what the President says, he will believe it yet more!"

Irving was the Nathansky family problem. At eighteen he had acquired tastes beyond the power of his father to satisfy. Our town is splendidly democratic and in high school Irving associated with boys and girls of the best families. He was a handsome lad and enough of an athlete to have made the basketball team. Our Chamber of Commerce believes in publicity and one of its advertising projects is to finance the basketball team on trips about the state to play other schools. The Chamber sends a brass band along with the boys to whoop things up. Of course young Irving Nathansky had a lot of fun on these trips. He also gained enough social recognition to be admitted to a high-school guild known as the Ferrets. The Ferrets were students who entered the homes of well-to-do citizens and stole liquor. Of course no one whose liquor was stolen dared to complain. The Ferrets frequently carried off other valuables found lying about the houses they entered.

Irving would not go to the state university when he finished high school. He felt he must earn money at once. He had set his heart on a sport-model car. The girls he went with discriminated against boys who had only family Chevrolets or Buicks. He also felt he must have a gold wrist watch of the make featured on the radio every night, and must wear nationally advertised clothes he saw illustrated in the magazines. Mr. Nathansky thought these were foolish ideas. He took Irving into the store as clerk, but would pay only seven dollars a week and board. Irving contended that he should have fifteen dollars. He worked at his job, but grudgingly. He was not, it must be admitted, much of an asset to the store. His father never left him there alone. When Mr. Nathansky was obliged to go out, his wife always came to the store and made change from the cash register.

Mr. Nathansky explained further why Mr. Coolidge's Eucharistic message, which linked religious convictions with prosperity, affected his already serious family problem.

"Everywhere it's high-power salesmanship," he rasped. "Even the President says it's religious to be rich. No wonder it's got so that young fellows like my boy think they must buy lots of merchandise. It's going to make terrible things some day."

I asked Mr. Nathansky what terrible things he predicted.

"It's plain like the nose on my face," he answered. "When the young fellows find they can't earn the money to buy all the things they want, they'll get the money anyway." Mr. Nathansky thumped his counter and said passionately: "They'll turn to extreme crime!"

What truth, if any, is there in Mr. Nathansky's indictment of high-powered salesmanship? Has salesmanship become so compelling that it makes young fellows believe there can be no joy in life unless they buy lots of merchandise? And do some young fellows who lack the ability or the energy to earn enough money to buy lots of merchandise turn to extreme crime?

A great many sociological experts agree with Mr. Nathansky that high-powered salesmanship has something to do with the current crime wave. Practically every report issued by various crime commissions mentions the fact that certain young offenders have turned to banditry because of an overpowering desire to purchase things too expensive for their purses. Just recently the New York City Conferences of Charities and Corrections

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stated that crime was largely inspired "by the effort of business men to make luxuries seem necessities." Mr. Charles A. Oberwager, a New York magistrate, has put it still more bluntly: "Boys can't earn, so they rob." A questionnaire submitted to three thousand citizens in all walks of life revealed a majority opinion that "a chief cause of crime is money madness caused by commercialization of all life's activities."

Where so many people believe high-powered salesmanship incites to crime, it would seem important to analyze it. How does high-powered salesmanship work? How does it contrive to inspire young fellows with such a desire to buy that they are willing to risk prison or worse in order to get the money to buy with? Who invented high-powered salesmanship? When did it start?

I was for nearly twenty years, prior to 1922, a retail merchant in a small city. From that experience I may be able to throw some light on the foregoing questions. High-powered salesmanship, as most people are aware, is comparatively modern. When I first went into business, salesmanship was a rather passive matter. When I retired, salesmanship was almost as high powered as it is now.

I would name 1913 as the date at which modern high-powered salesmanship first came to be employed on a large scale. At any rate, it was in 1913 that it made its appearance in our community. I first heard of it in connection with the Ford Motor Company. The Ford agent in our town was a young mechanic who also drove racing cars at county fairs near by in the fall season. A merchant friend told me one day that this young man had quit the Ford agency and a new man had taken his place. My friend told me further that the new Ford agent was obliged to work under the "quota" system. This meant that the Ford Motor Company consulted the census figures as to the population of our community and decreed how many cars the agent should sell. This was his "quota." My friend said the agent had to sell his "quota" of cars no matter what happened. If he could not do so he lost his agency.

I still recall how astonished I was when I heard this. It was such a complete reversal of business procedure. All the merchants I had ever known ordered goods from their manufacturers in the quantities they thought they could sell. If conditions were good they bought liberally, and if conditions were poor they bought sparingly. My friend said the Ford Company was applying the "quota" system all over the United States. I did not believe this could be true. It seemed inconceivable that Mr. Ford or Mr. Couzens could sit in an office in Detroit with a map of the United States and dictate the number of Ford cars that every community in the country must buy. Moreover, I did not believe the "quota" scheme would work even though Messrs. Ford and Couzens tried it. A Ford dealer was not a hired man. He was a merchant, with his own capital invested. I did n believe any sensible man would risk his money in business where someone else told him what he ha to do. More than that, it was inconceivable th many men would take Ford agencies under cond tions where they had to pocket so much of the self-respect and independence.

But in 1913 neither I nor anyone else realize how shrewd Mr. Ford was in such matters. H had a product that was in great demand. Th prospect of making a great deal of money mad up, in the minds of a great many men, for th humiliation of taking such arbitrary orders. Jus recently I asked a Ford executive why Mr. For and Senator Couzens adopted their "quota" polic back in 1913. He replied it was because a grea many of the early Ford dealers were ex-blacksmith or ex-bicycle repairers who drifted into the automo bile business on account of their abilities as me chanics. Few of these men were forceful salesmen It was necessary to separate the sheep from the goats. The Ford Company ordered them to sel certain "quotas." Those who could sell the re quired number of cars stayed, and those who couldn't were kicked out.

The "quota" proved enormously successful. Mr. Ford himself, Senator Couzens and others connected with the Ford Company quickly became multi-millionaires. My own prediction that few men would submit to the humiliating terms imposed on Ford agents proved ridiculously untrue. As time went on and Mr. Ford rid himself of his partners, he constantly increased his exactions. Eventually every Ford dealer was compelled to handle not only his "quota" of Ford cars, but also "quotas" of Lincolns and farm tractors.

But what has all this to do with young Irving Nathansky and the other young fellows of his generation? I think it had a great deal to do with them. They grew up in a different atmosphere from anything known before. The Ford Company upset all previous rules. It claimed the right to dictate to the public how much merchandise the public must buy. Recently I read the proceedings of what is called the "Ford Tax Suit," brought by Senator Couzens to compel the refund of some millions of dollars paid to the government.

Mr. Norvel Hawkins, a former Ford official, told how the company enforced its "quotas." He testified that the company inaugurated the plan of "breaking up a city into blocks and assigning so many blocks to the retailer, whereby he was compelled to canvass for his prospects by ringing doorbells and introducing himself." Before that time house-to-house canvassing was done mainly by rather ridiculous fellows who peddled books and sewing machines, or by pitiful old ladies who tried to sell female remedies. Mr. Ford brought respectability to canvassing. When the doorbell rang and young Irving Nathansky looked out the window, he saw a well dressed and forceful executive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had just stepped out of a shiny automobile at the curb. This executive was not a man to be treated lightly by families of the Nathansky class. He represented a great corporation. He was sent by Mr. Henry Ford himself, a great philanthropist who outfitted a Peace Ship and whose photograph was in every Sunday supplement. Doubtless young Irving Nathansky got his idea that Big Business had some special authority to enter people's homes in order to sell its products. I can conceive that as young Irving has grown older he still has this awe for Big Business. So much so, perhaps, that when Big Business tells him to purchase some article he feels he must obey. And if he does not happen to have the purchase price, he may be willing to take desperate chances to get it.

Does this seem a far-fetched imagining? It will not, I think, to anyone who knows from actual experience how ruthlessly Big Business has in the past fifteen years pursued the policy of high-powered salesmanship. The Ford Company proved it was possible to dictate the quantities of its products that the public must buy, and it was natural that other corporations should adopt the "quota" system. I recall once talking with the manager in our community for the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. He was responsible for the company's sales in twelve adjacent counties. That year the territory suffered a devastating drought and the farmers and merchants were in a bad way. Livestock was actually starving to death. The Burroughs manager told me he had explained this to the home office and asked to have his "quota" reduced until things should pick up. The home-office officials refused to do this. They told him that if he and his assistants would apply more intense sales pressure the "quota" could be attained.

There was another development of salesmanship which must have reduced young Irving Nathansky's sales resistance. This was the rise of the so-called "luncheon clubs"—Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and the like. Originally these clubs were formed to promote the fortunes of the individual members through exchange of trade. But as time went on membership was extended to clergymen. I myself belonged to the first luncheon club in our community, and after we had been organized a year or two we took in a Baptist minister, a bishop of the Episcopal Church and a Jewish rabbi. The leading Catholic priest was captured by a rival club.

The luncheon clubs did a good stroke of business when they began to take clergymen into membership. It was desirable publicity. The public no longer regarded luncheon-club members as selfish fellows who were intent only on selling merchandise to one another, but as idealists who combined salesmanship with semi-religious activities. Whenever a luncheon club paraded down Main Street in the exercise of some public function, the clergymen members were assigned prominent places in the line. In return, the business-men members promoted the fortunes of their clergymen associates. For a number of years both newspapers in our community carried each Saturday a half page "Go to Church" advertisement, listing the names of the various pastors and the subjects of their Sabbath sermons. At the bottom of the page, in extra-large type, were the names of the business men who paid for the advertisement.

I can imagine young Irving Nathansky standing at the curb to watch a parade in which the rabbi, the priest and the Protestant minister marched along with the donors of the advertisement. Or reading the Saturday newspaper where Main Street business men urged people to go to church and at the same time mentioned the attractiveness of their merchandise. Young Irving would be more than human not to have got the idea that buying things was a sacred duty.

Doubtless Irving Nathansky is pretty well sold on the idea that to buy lots of merchandise is not only pleasurable, but highly moral. If he had any doubts, they must have been set at rest a few months ago when he read in the newspapers how President Hoover excoriated the Cleveland banker who said it might not in the future be possible for every person in the country to own a car and a radio set and a gold wrist watch and go to motion pictures every night. The banker intimated that we might have to return to the standard of living that was in vogue in 1912. Mr. Hoover stated passionately that the idea of any backward step was abhorrent, un-American, and would never be taken with his consent.

The question is: How far would young Irving Nathansky go to obtain the money on which to live as the President wishes him to live? Neither Mr. Hoover, Mr. Ford, nor any clergyman who encouraged him to believe he should have the car and wrist watch, did anything to provide him with money. The best he could do, when he came out of high school, was seven dollars a week and board. He disappeared from his father's grocery store a couple of years ago. Mr. Nathansky said vaguely that he was working somewhere else. It is only lately that people in town began to suspect something. One of the items in the State Crime Commission's last year's report was:

> Case No. 283. Age 22 years. Indicted for robbery with gun. Sentenced to state prison for from four to ten years. No previous criminal record. Comes from good Jewish home. Drank occasionally. Has high standards of sex morality.

The whole thing looks bad. There are so many young fellows of twenty-two being indicted for robbery with gun. Everywhere one hears people trying to explain it. Earnest anti-prohibitionists like to blame the Eighteenth Amendment. I wish I might agree with them, but statistics are against it. There are as many robberies with guns in reputedly Dry states as in Wet states. In Iowa, for example,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Bankers' Association has organized against banditry in 781 towns. Newspaper dispatches say that the association has purchased and distributed to citizens 3,700 rifles, pistols and sawed-off shotguns, and "each bank has a masked machine gun that can sweep the entire floor."

Several ministers in our community have stated from their pulpits that it is all a result of the World War. But this will hardly do either. England had more war than we did, yet robbery with guns has steadily declined in England. France had more war than either England or America; but recently I read an item in a Paris newspaper which stated that a certain Judge Metevier had gone to hold court in the department of the Meuse and found no criminal cases on the docket. The department has a population of 400,000 people. "It is the third time within two years," the newspaper added, "that a similar condition has existed."

I can see only one explanation. In neither England nor France has business been given such a free hand as in the United States. On a recent stay of several months in those countries I talked with a great many business men, and in no case had one of them ever heard of the "quota." I had to explain how the Ford Motor Company and other great American corporations consult the population statistics of various communities and then fix the amount of their products that the citizens must purchase. Some of the foreign business men thought it was a huge joke. A few, mainly Frenchmen, claimed that such a project would result in violent revolution in any European country.

Evidently our American political leaders have no such ideas. A few weeks ago the Bureau of Domestic Commerce in Washington issued a document which contains the statistics as to population, motor licenses, building permits and average income for each of the 3,073 counties in the United States. The document was described as a "detailed consideration of various factors used in establishing sales quotas."

Young Irving Nathansky is tucked safely away in jail, but several millions of other young fellows are being trained to believe they cannot be happy or respectable unless they buy lots of merchandise.

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE.

Aladdin's Lecture Palace

THE NEW SCHOOL for Social Research on West Twelfth Street is a striking specimen of modern "functional" architecture. It bulges out above the sidewalk, a grim aggressive square mask: jaw set with several rows of clenched teeth grinning from ear to ear, and above them, several stripes of eyes. Among the old houses on either side of it, the New School has a look of bumptiousness, but it is too small to be so bumptious.

The first floor of the New School is a little theatre: a gray oval igloo-like cave, with a concave ceiling of concentric ovals from which a strange subdued lighting glows. On the floors above are lecture-rooms, blank and bare like offices or lofts, but the plain whites and grays of floors and walls prettily varied with brighter tints—greens, blues, lemon-yellows, burnt-oranges and chocolate-browns: the rooms have rows of gray silvery-looking seats, continuous rectangular-paned windows and overhead, long straight boxes of lights whitely dulled by ground-glass. There are also a circular picture gallery, with photographs of the New School which make camera-angles of the stairways and ceilings look like segments of a dynamo and the façade like a factory front; and a library in white, black, gray, canary-yellow, hydrangea-purple and robin's-egg blue, with long reading-tables like factory benches, gray chairs with the backs tilted forward as if to keep the readers leaning over the tables, and a flat-topped triangular bookcase, containing books recommended by the lecturers, the two upper sides of the triangle two narrow black-railed factory staircases which come together over a clock. The whole place is a curious mixture of severity and frivolity, with frivolity predominating. It is a house for Harlequin turned industrial-adaptationist.

The aim of this functional architecture, which is becoming quite fashionable nowadays among people who can afford it, is to make dignified and harmonious use of the lines and shapes of office-buildings and workshops in designing theatres, pent-houses and apartments which shall be comfortable and attractive without imitating the styles of other periods and without adventitious ornament. This may sound like a sensible idea when we remember, for example, the elaborate French chateaux built by the Vanderbilts on Fifth Avenue which turned out to resemble so closely the Criminal Courts and the Tombs. But the truth is that there is an inescapable fallacy at the bottom of the "functional" idea as applied to a building like the New School. Industry and business have impoverished life. Institutions like the New School are supposed to enrich it. How can you get a building appropriate to enrichment by imitating that which is poor? And on the other hand, such self-conscious efforts seem bound to miss the peculiar beauties, such as they are, which frankly commercial buildings sometimes have: there is nothing in the New School, for example, so fine as the stripped vistas of glass partitions and windows on certain floors of the Federal Reserve Bank. The new architecture is quite right in confessing the lack of meaning and the obsolete-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of the more ornate or gracious styles of the past; but at the same time it is a dismaying revelation of our helplessness under the industrial system. We have nothing left but bareness and straightness, and we have to do what we can with that even when we are making an effort to appeal to the esthetic sense and the imagination. When we try to doll it up a little, the result is what we get in the New School. Joseph Urban, the architect of the New School, is a brilliant theatrical designer—at least as far as the "Ziegfeld Follies" go. But when he tries to produce a functional lecture building, he turns out a set of fancy Ziegfeld settings of factories and offices, where we keep expecting to see pretty girls in blue, yellow and cinnamon dresses to match the gay colors of the ceilings and walls.

The most satisfactory features of the New School are the frescoes by Thomas Benton and the Mexican, José Clemente Orozco. They were contributed by the artists free except for the price of the materials.

Benton's palette seems here, as so often, raw and rather ugly. The four sides of the room which he has decorated present a congeries of squirming straining shapes, as live and varied as a fisherman's haul: black niggers, their long arms knobbed with muscles, brawny burlesque girls shaking spotlighted pink fannies, lumberjacks among straight gray sawn trunks handling green gigantic saws, scrawny city women with faces ghastly green in the light of a sentimental movie—a whole American repertoire, the human bodies glaring blues, greens and pinks, standing out in a hard and round, a kind of stereopticon relief, amid the toils of a mechanical tackle of cranes, blast-furnaces, airplanes, gas tanks, tractors, acetylene blow-torches, subway-trains and automatic drills. The crowded groups merge into each other, but they are partly fenced off by an irregular silvered framing which runs in broken lengths of arcs and angles like the tin ribbons that have to be pried off from around the tops of things canned in glass. At the end of the room, and its culmination, is one of Benton's violent phallic locomotives, with black headlong body and stiff smoke.

These pictures are tangled and jarring: they strain like the life they represent, and their forms can never seem to rise alive out of something basically heavy and hard, nor their color free itself of something dingy. But they are true images and products of that life.

The Orozco frescoes in a larger room are less crowded and more spacious. On one wall, Gandhi, sitting crosslegged in his glasses and white loincloth, confronts with a pained sidelong insect gaze the bayonets and hog-snouted gas-masks of the British; and on the opposite wall, the bald head of Lenin, with narrowed eyes and tense contemptuous dilated nostrils, dominates the bayonets of the Red Guard and the solid front of Mongolians, Semites, Negroes and Caucasians with the hammers of the Soviets in their hands. All these walls are in clay-reds and earth-browns, against which the bayonets show livid and reply to the colorless head of Lenin. On the same wall with him, Felipe Carillo, the assassinated socialist governor of Yucatan, rises in a prosaic gray business suit beside a livid truncated Mayan pyramid, while below him sit the blue-shawled Indian women and the men with guns in dark red cloaks and sombreros; and on the opposite wall, naked livid slaves, in chains and iron collars, cower beneath a big Negro with a knife, while, above them, on another plane, the yellow-faced white-collar workers choke in similar shackles, necks loose and eyes rolled-up like hanged men. At one end of the hall, the races of the world, from the fine-profiled silver-haired French philosopher to the blue-brown amorphous parrot-nosed African, sit about a square yellow table, on which lies an open book. At the front of the room, two Mexican workers, with their picks over their shoulders, are coming home to their women and children, a big fire blazing on the hearth and plenty of food and some books on the table. There is a sickle over one of the doors, but where one looks for the hammer over the other, a blank space—though the artist has got it in just outside, on the landing above the library, where a group of workers are forging the rainbow.

These frescoes are primitive and broad, yet they are somehow overtense and disturbing. Among them, we feel ourselves arrested at a moment of anxious expectation, of antagonisms stretched and kept taut, of conflicts too long waiting settlement. For all the earthiness and crudeness of the shapes, the morbidity of some vigil is upon them. The raw newspaper whites make a discord with the strong baked reds and browns. Even the members of the council of the races, who are supposed to be met in concord, seem sullen and taciturn toward each other: each stares into the air before him—as even the women welcoming back their men to plenty and peace, look worried.

The New School of Social Research was founded in 1919 by Thorstein Veblen, James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard, but Veblen is dead and it is a long time since the others have had anything to do with it. Nor has it ever undertaken any social research. It has become merely one of the organs of the "adult education" movement. "Adult education" in the case of the New School simply means lectures. At the New School, you can take lecture courses on Dalcroze Eurhythmics, The Intellectual Effects of Industrialism, The Abnormal Mind, Building a Modern Creed, The Advantages and Disadvantages of Capitalism, Behavior Problems in Children, Marx's Sociological Economics, Movies and Talkies, Recent Trends in Criminal Justice, Navalism and Security, Ethnology and Psychoanalysis, Modern Creative Prints, The Fugue Form from 1500 to 1750, The Ideal Element in Law, and Native Players on Their Own Instruments.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of these courses are given by very able and brilliant people, and the New School has made it possible—if one prefers going to lectures to reading books—to hear men who would probably not get an opportunity to express their views from the platform elsewhere. But the "adults" at the New School are being "educated" only to the extent to which it is possible to educate people by having them listen to miscellaneous lectures. Some of the branches of the "adult education" movement aim at workers' education, but the lectures at the New School are $15 for a course of twelve, $1.50 apiece, and comparatively few workers will be able to benefit by them, even to learn about The Advantages and Disadvantages of Capitalism or Recent Trends in Criminal Justice. EDMUND WILSON.

What Delays Revival

The Effect of Instalment Buying on the Return of Prosperity

AMONG the various diagnoses of the prevailing depression and prescriptions for its cure which have been offered during the last year, little attention has, strangely enough, been given to the problem of consumers' credit. When production was running wild and consumption seemed almost boundless, consumers' credit was regarded as of paramount importance. Indeed, it was not so very long ago that some of our economic statesmen considered it a sort of open-sesame to perpetual prosperity. But however important consumers' credit was considered during the days preceding the world-wide slump, few economists have considered the possible relation of widespread consumers' obligations to the prevailing industrial stagnation. Nevertheless, it is certainly possible that the outstanding indebtedness of millions of wage earners may have an extremely important influence not only upon the length of the present depression but also upon the length of the revival which may follow it.

The only available estimate of the outstanding consumer indebtedness in the United States is that made by Mr. Evans Clark in a recent issue of The Nation's Business. He states that about $10,500,000,000 which has been borrowed for consumption purposes is now outstanding against the future wages and salaries of our working population. The payment of this debt must come from the future earnings of the consuming classes.

This consumer indebtedness does not, like ordinary commercial bank credit, represent past advances of funds for the creation of goods or services. The larger part of the commercial loans outstanding represents transactions which usually result in the further production of goods and services from the proceeds of the sale of which these loans are expected to be repaid. Consumption loans make possible the consumption of goods which must be paid for out of future income, the existence of which will have little or no relation to the transaction made possible by the existence of the consumption credit. To be sure, the higher standard of living which consumption credit makes temporarily possible to borrowers may render services which might not otherwise have been rendered. In so far as this is true, consumers' credit might be put in the same category as other commercial loans. By and large, however, it cannot be considered as contributing to the productivity of the borrower.

The latest available data for wages and salaries in the United States cover the year 1928 when, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, the income from those sources approximated $50,000,000,000. If the indebtedness of the American consumer incurred for consumption purposes amounts, as estimated, to about $10,500,000,000, the lien against the future earnings of the wage and salary classes of the country would aggregate something like 20 percent of the earnings of 1928. In terms of the estimated earnings for 1930, they would be equal to something between 25 and 30 percent. What, in terms of the expected revival of business, will this mean?

If past experience is of any value in foretelling the future, an upturn from the present depression may manifest itself in any one of several ways. Low interest rates may lead to a stimulation of building with a consequent increase in the demand for building materials; necessary replacements of equipment may furnish the fillip to revival; or the sheer necessity of replacing depleted retail stocks may sufficiently stimulate production to bring about a turn in the tide. When any one or all of these factors become operative, orders will start coming in to the factory, mine and sawmill, with the consequence that laid-off workers will become gradually reëmployed. These workers will automatically become purchasers again and their wages and salaries will immediately appear in the market as a demand for consumers' goods. This, in turn, will mean a further demand for finished products and a still further reëmployment of labor, the process being cumulative.

With a lien of about $10,500,000,000 against the earnings of labor, what may happen to the demand for finished products once the upward move-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment begins? One thing is certain: when an unemployed worker with a mortgaged income finally obtains a job, the instalment collector will sit on his doorstep to collect some of the back payments which have been defaulted or extended. The portion of the worker's pay envelope which will go to the instalment collector, the finance company, the industrial bank and other such institutions will represent a curtailment of the purchasing power of the country. The larger part of the outstanding consumption credit consists of paper which financial and other companies have discounted at the commercial banks, and the funds collected from delinquent instalment debtors will be turned over to these banks to cancel outstanding debts. Thus, it is not improbable that a considerable portion of wages which would otherwise have gone toward the purchasing of new shoes and clothes for the family, toward new radios or automobiles—goods which unemployed workers have been planning to buy when they found a job—will go instead toward canceling bank loans now outstanding against instalment paper.

It may be contended that new instalment purchases will offset the purchasing power lost to the market through the cancellation of past consumption debts. New instalment purchases, however, require an appreciable initial payment, and the experience of the past year furnishes a good basis for the belief that the large majority of prospective buyers are unable to make these initial payments. With savings generally depleted as a result of unemployment, the period required to accumulate sufficient funds may be prolonged, with the result that the immediate future may witness a rather marked limitation of new instalment buying.

The contention that consumers' credit agencies have weathered the depression does not lessen in any way the bearing of consumer indebtedness upon the future. It has been asserted that there has been little or no increase in the percentage of delinquent and unpaid instalments, that the ratio of losses to credit extended has not markedly increased and that repossessions represent an insignificant proportion of the total goods sold. Available official data substantiate these assertions, but they do not throw any light upon the process which made this possible. It would be interesting to know, for example, to what degree the small percentage of delinquencies and unpaid instalments are the result of refinancing of outstanding obligations through the issuing of new notes spread out over a longer period of time—a practice which is today fairly common in instalment financing. And may it not be that the insignificant amount of repossessions is to be explained by new loans from other financial agencies? How many jobless workers have had to resort to the pawn shop, the personal-finance company, the industrial bank, the insurance policy, in order to save the family furniture, the automobile, the radio or the washing machine against which payments were due? To what extent, in other words, do the figures of indebtedness to these institutions represent a mere transfer of obligations from the instalment-finance company to other agencies?

If it is true that the return to prosperity starts with a revival in a relatively small group of industries, followed by revival in other industries which increase their output in response to the demand for consumption goods by reëmployed workers, may not the outstanding claims against the incomes of the reëmployed be a barrier to a widespread revival? May not the necessity of paying off existing debts seriously check new purchases on the part of the worker fortunate enough to find a job in the industries which first experience revival? Under such conditions much of the cumulative reëmployment, which might otherwise be expected, may not materialize. The indebtedness of the mass of consumers may, in other words, mean a much more gradual industrial revival than those of the past. Or, granted that a quick revival gets under way and employment becomes plentiful, will there be sufficient new purchasing power in excess of the incomes already mortgaged to maintain such a revival? The size of this residual purchasing power will determine the length of the coming revival and it is not inconceivable that the residuum may be too small to support a sustained up-swing. The revival from the present depression, therefore, may be relatively short-lived and followed by a secondary reaction.

ISADOR LUBIN.

Night-Piece

The moon above the milky field
Gleaning moves her one slant light,
Wind weeps along the cloud:
Then, weeping wind, unshroud
Pale Cassiopeia, blow
The true-swung pole-lamp bright.
To this room a midnight's come
Which speaks but with the beating clock,
While on glistening paws the mouse
Creeps night-master of the house.
Rust shall eat away the lock,
The door sag from the garner-hoard,
And the sleeper lie unsphered.
Time's wheel frets on his finger still,
He bends no more his weight with Time's.
He wept, as loud as wind,
And sleeps with an indifferent will.
Not airs, not climes unclose, behind
The lashes' scarcely faltering jet,
What star is his, since Hesper set.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lies About Russia

ON THE WHOLE, news about the Soviet Union, and especially from the Soviet Union, has been more reliable in the last year or two than it was during the early life of the Bolshevik regime. Despite a notable improvement, however, more canards and lies can, with impunity, still be circulated about Russia than about any other civilized country. Indeed, recent months witnessed a recrudescence of the activities of anti-Soviet lie factories in Riga, Helsingfors and other European capitals. Generally speaking, a tremendous amount of misinformation regarding conditions in the U. S. S. R. finds space in the metropolitan and lesser dailies of America and other nations, so that a person returning to this country from Russia encounters a conception of events ther which is almost always inadequate and confused and sometimes hopelessly distorted. Magazines and even books contribute their share to this mental chaos, but the newspaper is the chief offender. For even those papers which maintain correspondents in Moscow and give them a free hand to report fully and honestly, try to be "fair" and "give the other side"—the untrue side. But since one sensational anti-Bolshevik invention may make a stronger impression than a dozen careful, impartial analyses or a score of denials hidden away in remote corners, Russia is often seen by the general public and occasionally by statesmen through a smoke-screen of falsehoods and exaggerations which conduce to mistaken policies and to the sort of public prejudices that have in the past made for international hate and war.

Should French news come from Rome? Can Brussels or Warsaw be the center of information about Germany? Newspapers will print and uncritical readers will credit dispatches about the U. S. S. R. which originate in Riga, Helsingfors, Warsaw, Bucharest, Harbin and other capitals notorious for their anti-Bolshevik sentiment and the activity of their large Russian emigré colonies. Mr. Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press, declared at the Williamstown Institute of Politics on August 2, 1930, that "a conservative estimate on the part of the United Press cable editor places 95 percent of all alleged Russian news bearing the Riga, Helsingfors, Bucharest or Warsaw date-line as incorrect and misleading. Riga and Bucharest probably take the leadership," Mr. Bickel added, "in being most uniformly incorrect." Nevertheless, these lie factories are patronized by American newspapers.

Editors frequently declare that they must have "Russian" correspondents outside of Russia because of the news censorship in Moscow. First of all, the Soviet censorship of foreign correspondents affects none of their articles. These are posted in the usual manner or sent out by hand, and regularly reach their destination. In eight years' experience in the U. S. S. R. I have never lost an article. The news censor never sees and need not see mailed material. The censorship of telegrams, furthermore, is so formal and insignificant that it merely irritates now and then without seriously interfering with a man's work or with the kind of reporting he does for his paper. The Soviet censorship will not prevent a correspondent from sending news unfavorable to the government if his facts are accurate, and for unfavorable but accurate news he need only have recourse to the Soviet press, which is filled with self-criticism. A man could sit in Moscow and merely by quoting its dailies give a gloomy picture of developments in the country. Russian editors take special delight in hunting down all the shortcomings, mistakes and follies of the officials and all the weaknesses of the economic system. Concentration on this unfavorable aspect to the exclusion of positive achievements creates a one-sided impression. But foreign correspondents in Moscow have done it, and several do it today. They are not *persona grata* with the Foreign Office, but they continue their work.

Moscow is a hotbed of rumor, and I think most correspondents there would agree that the censor's pencil frequently saves their papers a lot of money by preventing the dispatch of guesses and vague gossip which are soon proved wrong. Soviet censorship does not prevent serious reporting, But even if that censorship were oppressive in the extreme, it would not justify the maintenance of men in Riga, etc., who deliberately distort the facts and mislead readers anxious to understand a complicated and highly important situation.

Of late, the disease has grown more malignant. Indeed, the activity of the lie factories seems to increase in direct ratio to the increased activity of Soviet industrial factories. Branches of the mother plants in Soviet border states have recently sprung up in London, Berlin and Paris, and their output keeps pace with the success of the Five Year Plan. In fact, the latest cloudburst of lies about Russia came with especial force in Berlin and London during November, 1930.

On November 28, 1930, for instance, The London Daily Telegraph, which enjoys the reputation of having been a serious and important newspaper, printed prominently a two-column interview with Mr. Frank Easton Woodhead, a British engineer, "who has just returned from Russia after a visit lasting seven months." On November 11, according to his interview, he saw a battle in the barracks square in the center of Moscow, between OGPU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troops and Red Army soldiers. The soldiers, he reports, "were butchered by the OGPU. It was commonly stated that over a thousand men perished in the affair. This was the estimate that was whispered all over the city. . . . Soon after the firing had ceased I saw several hundred men led out by the OGPU. They were chained together in groups."

On the next day this ubiquitous British observer was in Pushkino, a village near Moscow, where he watched the slaughter of innocent peasants by a detachment of the Red Army. "It was generally said," he alleges, "that the casualties were between 400 and 500. I do not know, but judging by the number of bodies I saw lying about, I should without hesitation accept the estimate."

Food riots broke out in Moscow on November 15, Woodhead relates. "When I passed two large food stores, it was evident that trouble was brewing as a result of the food shortage. There had been processions, crowds were demonstrating in the streets, and bodies of military were in readiness. In the afternoon, we could hear firing from the hotel. It continued from 2.30 till 5. We were told that many people had been killed, and that night, when an American friend and I went to the Opera House, we saw gruesome evidence of what had happened. On the outer edge of the square there were ghastly rows of corpses."

This is all a tissue of lies. Mr. Woodhead was not and is not worth a denial. Hundreds of people could not be killed in a city like Moscow without one of the foreign correspondents knowing it, and they did not. If Mr. Woodhead heard firing for hours in his hotel room, so would a dozen of my friends and two foreign correspondents who likewise live in the hotel. We would have been informed, too, about open "massacres," about street demonstrations, etc. The scenes of Mr. Woodhead's bloodshed are in the very heart of the capital where tens of thousands of people pass daily—a sort of Times Square of Moscow. His "facts," therefore, are too silly to merit discussion. But now mark this. I was in Moscow when The Daily Telegraph printed the celebrated interview. The newspaper I then represented, The London Daily Herald, wired me a summary of his hair-raising details and requested my comment. I went to the British Embassy, and for a few moments its staff, which lives literally a stone's throw from Woodhead's "battlefield," rocked with laughter over the "news." From certain remarks, I carried away the impression that Woodhead had not been in Moscow for months. I began to suspect. I went to the Soviet Foreign Office where all visas granted to foreigners are recorded. Frank E. Woodhead had received one Soviet visa in April. I went to the police, where all foreigners must be registered. Woodhead had indeed visited Russia. He arrived in Moscow on April 17, 1930, left Moscow on May 7, 1930, and crossed into Poland on May 8. Since then he has not been in the Soviet Union. He was not in Moscow or Russia on the days when he "saw" the horrible events he portrayed so circumstantially. A British official in Moscow referred to Woodhead as "the greatest liar on God's earth." At any rate, he deserves a prominent place in the extensive gallery of anti-Soviet fabricators.

The New York Times reprinted part of Mr. Woodhead's statements on the very day they were published in London, and the story undoubtedly went around the world. It has all the earmarks of fact: eye-witness data, circumstantial details. The average reader will accept it as authentic. Editors therefore have a more than usual responsibility in sifting news about Russia, and The New York Times should have known better than to relay a canard, even with a brief official denial, after it had been warned by its own Moscow correspondent. For on November 22, Walter Duranty, replying to frantic queries no doubt, cabled as follows:

> Moscow is calm, orderly, dull and unagitated even by rumor, much less by mutinies or assassinations. . . .
>
> Only foreign reporters here have been agitated by a barrage of queries about the thrilling "news" that had escaped their notice or had been suppressed by the Soviet censorship. Actually, the said censorship is little more than a formality to a reporter with experience and "cable space" to word his messages delicately. . . .
>
> Our inventive colleagues abroad, however, seem to forget that unlike the years of 1919 and 1920, when Riga could "kill" Lenin or Trotsky or have them "arrest" each other with comfortable security and there would be nothing save an "official denial" from Moscow, there now are in the Soviet capital a score or more of foreign embassies and legations wholly free from censorship, with the right to send coded telegrams and sealed mail pouches with diplomatic immunity. And there is no delay in obtaining visas.
>
> Many of these diplomats represent countries with scant sympathy for the Soviet and its works. Almost all of them have a personnel familiar with Russian conditions and the language, with friends and fellow nationals in all strata of Russian life. Gossip flies quickly through the diplomatic corps, but it has not yet heard about the events here lately broadcast by Riga and Berlin "sources."

Woodhead's absentee journalism was part of a far-flung concentrated campaign launched by the lie factories to advertise a revolt that never took place. On November 15, Reuter's agency reported from Riga that "Peasants in Russia Battle Reds; Armored Trains Raze Two Villages" (New York World, November 15). Vienna relayed "news" from Riga five days later about "an army mutiny near Moscow and its suppression with the slaughter of soldiers and civilians." This item The World printed under a two-column headline which, to be sure, also heralded Moscow's denial. At the same time, stories of Stalin's assassination began to be circulated by Berlin, particularly by the anti-Bolshevik Socialist and Menshevik press of that city. Insurrection and the murder of the "dictator" made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an impressive tale. It was supported by short-sighted summaries of party dissensions in the Soviet Union which sought to provide the lies with a logical realistic background. Moscow correspondents, surprised at the avalanche of telegraphic queries from their editors, reported "All quiet." One newspaper representative was informed from London that the mutinous Red Army had trained guns on the Kremlin and that the Red Square was covered with corpses. He replied that the only corpse on the Red Square was Lenin's. Another correspondent received a frantic request to comment on statements abroad that OGPU forces were marching through the streets of Moscow. He answered, "Yes, they are going to the bath houses with towels under their arms."

A Finnish newspaper bureau talked over the telephone with the Finnish legation in Moscow, according to The New York Times of November 22, and learned that "the city was completely calm," while the Soviet Telegraphic Agency (TASS) characterized all stories about rebellions and assassinations as "defamatory." Nevertheless, The World on November 24 said, "Soviet Situation Reported Grave." Such a title sticks, because many readers never go any further. Besides, they would find enough to confuse them even if they did go further. On November 26, The World did something totally inexcusable. Its Paris bureau wired that the Sud-Est agency reported from Reval a mutiny in the Red Fleet. "It is reported that some of the Soviet warships have lifted anchor in the harbor of Kronstadt and left for the Baltic." Instead of taking such rumors with a grain of salt, The World representative in Paris gave the Sud-Est agency a clean bill of health, asserting that it "has thus far distinguished itself by its accuracy." Does he still think so?

At this juncture, the Woodhead interview was cast on soil previously well prepared by this campaign of lying. What further evidence could be asked?

Having carefully digested Mr. Frank E. Woodhead's weighty testimony, and having spent a fortnight pondering over the wares "dumped" by anti-Soviet factories, Washington finally concluded that the end was near. "Stalin to Fall, Capital Thinks," William Philip Simms, Scripps-Howard foreign editor, declared (New York Telegram, December 10). This is not the sole result of Riga's and Berlin's work. Not only are diplomatic relations affected; credit terms grow worse for the Soviet government, and its discount rates rise. A fortnight's lies may have cost Moscow $1,000,000 in cold cash. The emigrés in European cities may be pleased with their achievement. They are probably sipping coffee gleefully in their cafes waiting for an opportunity to launch another poison-gas attack.

Major offensives come periodically. But the game of misleading public opinion about Russia goes on steadily every day. On February 10, the press again reported another "revolution" in Russia and prices on the Chicago Exchange immediately rose. Perhaps in the end Riga will get us over our stock-market depression. Many papers in Europe and this country sin; many cast their usual caution to the winds when a "big story breaks" and they are afraid of being scooped. Even papers like The New York Times make serious mistakes. Thus, on March 16, 1931, The Times displayed a first-page headline which read:"Soviet Abandons Equality of Wages." This title tended to confirm a widespread notion that equality of wages has existed in Russia. But it was abolished by the Bolsheviks in March, 1921, and The Times has discovered it just ten years too late. But, as I hope to show in a later article, the worst offenders, the most consistent and deliberate patrons of Riga, etc., are The Chicago Tribune and its allied organs.

LOUIS FISCHER.

Washington Notes

Hoover Puts up His Dukes—The Battle Royal—Covering the Deficit—Higher Taxes—Democratic Strategy

THE LUCKLESS Mr. Hoover, I am told, expects to do considerable toward reëstablishing himself in the public confidence by the series of speeches which is being scheduled this summer and fall, the first of which probably will have been delivered before this is printed. It is, so I am informed, his belief that the time has come when the people of the country must understand exactly what the situation is in Washington and the degree to which he conceives he has been misrepresented. Up to now he has held to the idea that it is "beneath the dignity of the President of the United States" to reply to personal or political criticism, and he has felt that replies should be made for him by spokesmen of his party, by the publicity agencies of the National Committee, by the Republican and independent newspapers and by his friends.

All his defenders having proved themselves inadequate, not to say inane, the "Chief" has now concluded that the only way to do the job properly is to do it himself. Hence, word is passed around that between now and the meeting of Congress next December, Mr. Hoover proposes to "talk turkey" to the American people in a way he never has before. He proposes calling a spade a spade. He intends to reveal the "animus" of the attacks upon him, the political purpose of the propaganda, the "malice" of his enemies and the "ignorance" of his critics.

In brief, the "Chief" is fed up with being a punching bag for the progressives and Democratic leaders, agents and editors, and has reached the point where, dignity be damned, he is going to hit back and hit hard. He has tried to have others do the fighting for him, so that he could "concentrate" upon the duties of the presidency, but this has been impossible. The inertia of the Republican leadership, the incapacity of the Republican propaganda department, the energy and enthusiasm of the opposition and the distressing handicap of the depression leave him no choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That—so one of his "close friends" who has talked with him several times recently told me—accurately represents Mr. Hoover's plan of action at this time. Furthermore, he is fully determined to carry it out. There will no longer be any effort to conceal his indignation at the "unfairness" of his treatment and the injustice to which he has been subjected by an opposition unhampered by either responsibilities or scruples. As outlined by Mr. Hoover's friends, it has a plausible ring, and theoretically, if it is carried out in the way suggested, it could be exceedingly effective. Actually, however, I am convinced that it will not be carried out effectively, that if it is done at all it will be in a half-hearted, halting, hesitating fashion which will kill all chances of Mr. Hoover's accomplishing his purpose.

The strongest argument for my belief is based on considerable experience and close observation of the man. It just is not in him to engage in any such rough-and-tumble scrap. He is not built for it, has no taste for it and will not start it unless desperately pushed. Moreover, if he starts he will not finish. This is not, I am convinced, so much a lack of courage as a lack of aptitude. He not only has no gift for political battledore-and-shuttlecock, but he is totally at a loss as to how to play that sort of game. He can sit down with a friend after a Senate attack and, reviewing the situation, bitterly point out the gross exaggeration and inconsistencies and lack of logic. But he could not get up on his feet and make a speech pointing these things out without doing it so heavily and clumsily as to blur the points and obscure the facts. He possesses no gift for clarity, for humor, for repartee, no sparkle, no fire, no ability to be unfair and extreme—none of the gifts essential to this sort of political conflict. And at heart, of course, he knows it.

However, enough about the bitter thoughts in Hoover's mind, which are not apt to materialize and, even if they did, would have the immediate effect of stimulating his critics to renewed activity and enthusiasm. Let's turn to the one concrete development of interest in Washington the past week—to wit, the Treasury pronouncements on the taxation question. To some the evident purpose of the two speeches by Mr. Ogden L. Mills, the Under-secretary—or, as it seemed on the surface, one speech by Mr. Mills and the other by Mr. Mellon—was to make two things clear. The first is that the deficit, which may easily reach two billion dollars by July, 1932, cannot be covered without an increase in taxes; the second is that the additional tax revenue should be raised, not by increasing the rates on the great fortunes, but either by extending the income tax so as to make it apply to a great many small individuals now exempt or by changing the system so as to raise the money by the direct general taxation employed during the War. Tentative suggestions of a federal gasoline tax were made and there was also talk from Mr. Mills of an added tax on tobacco.

To some, this Mellon-Mills analysis of the fiscal situation seemed to clash with Hoover's attitude that, large as the Treasury deficit is, there need be no increase in taxes during the next session of Congress. The budget can be balanced, he has urged, by borrowings, which will carry us over until the depression has passed and the national income has returned to normal. Actually, it is explained by one of the administration spokesmen, there is no clash between the Treasury and the President. Mr. Mills and Mr. Mellon are in accord with the "Chief" as to the folly of an increase in taxes at the coming session and will cooperate with him to prevent it. The idea they expressed in the before-mentioned speeches is not to recommend an increase in taxes next year. They believe with Hoover that it can be avoided.

What they want is to start a campaign of education for the inevitable increase after the presidential election. In other words, if Mr. Hoover is reëlected, there will be a Hoover-Mellon plan for a tax readjustment which will include a good many new features, but will not include that of heavier impost upon the excessively rich. The same old argument will be advanced, that this would mean less revenue instead of more. It will be the same old fight over again, with all our banking and journalistic forces lined up behind the administration, just as they were in the early days of the Coolidge regime when the original so-called Mellon plan for tax reduction made its appearance.

Of course, the direction of the Mills-Mellon pronouncements was recognized by various astute gentlemen in Washington, though it did for the moment seem to escape the vigilant "corps of correspondents" and to meet with general editorial approval in the East, as was to have been expected. It was, however, hopped upon most heartily by various progressive Senators—Borah, who alleged that the recommendations in effect would amount to a reduction of the wage scale, and Couzens, who denounced the whole general idea as designed to shift the tax burden from the shoulders of the rich to the shoulders of the poor.

The disappointing thing was the absence of anything like trenchant and sincere Democratic comment. Quite obviously the Democratic strategy is to avoid responsibility for any increase in taxes at the coming session. Inspired by the desire for big-business and journalistic support in the 1932 campaign, Democratic leaders are particularly anxious that the party should in no way identify itself with an "assault on business" before the next election. An effort to raise taxes in the higher brackets is their idea of such an assault.

The cold and depressing fact is that between the dominant Democratic leaders and the Hoover-Mellon-Mills type of Republicans there is practically no difference. They see things from the same economic angle, seek support of the same character, have the same political and personal reactions. This being the case, it would seem likely that there will be no tax legislation at the next session. It would seem as if the effort were successfully blocked. But I am not so certain. The fight to increase the estate taxes and raise the rates on incomes above $100,000 a year will be of a kind not easy to avoid. The progressives hold the balance of power in both branches next session, and on this particular subject they will have a case difficult to oppose if it is presented well. It is by no means certain that in spite of both administration and Democratic reluctance, a tax-increase bill will not go through. And if it does, what a fine jam that will put the "Chief" in! To veto or not to veto—either way would be bad. He just couldn't get out of that fix with a whole skin.

Washington. T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indicative Portraits

ELDERLY BOY

LATELY I have made a mistake, all too human, since no little of our life consists in such human exchanges among our friends; but disconcerting at that, since I am left somewhat at sea. What I have done is to speak of the Duke of M—— to my friend T——.

T—— is a writer with a deep, hot sense of social wrongs and a brain active and high colored. His life commotes itself in New York for the most part, a surging generous residence punctuated at intervals by flights into other misguided lands as well—Russia, China or the Balkans, say, or to some islands in the Indian Ocean, any island where the wickeder leading monkeys throw cocoanuts at the vaguer monkeys will do; the needs of T——'s soul will be served. From these forays into evil conditions my friend returns refreshed and younger than ever, and resumes his native agitations. (He has a small income which enables him to get about.)

In Florence lately T—— has been telling me his ideas of art, of the arts, in America. He has made, for example, a long discussion of the American theatre, which he finds in very poor health, as well as fallen into sin generally. We have no tradition, no national and almost no repertory theatre; our best hope lies in the direction of the musical revues; our theatre needs a connection with the mass in America. It is the same with painting and music; T—— attacks a number of musical events that have come off since my departure from New York, but states them in a manner so blurred that I have no idea what he is talking about; I feel only his ardent convolutions. All the main points of his remarks on painting, books, music and the theatre are platitudes for people who know them already and are wasted on those who do not; even I in an aged, stale way have said them all some years ago. His details are never more than half true. I can only wish now, hearing T——'s pronouncements—and my affection makes me listen—that if we are to hear the adolescent, we might receive the message from one whose years were such as to add a youthful, ruddy physical conviction to the declaration, for T—— is nearing forty. But when T—— goes off so voluminously and freshly, I can think only of an old clock my uncle used to have which was always striking twelve.

One thing disturbs me most in all this attack of T——'s. I am aware of the fact that a great section of our American life remains hidden from us, covered away, shaded and falsified in the press, misrepresented, and so on: I mean the world of labor and of fundamental social issues. But T——'s talk, though it has so certain a front, so hot a point, leaves me hazy still about what this American life is that he mentions as clearly as some formula. Are the people I know in non-industrial sections, the South or Southwest, or in more or less quiet nests everywhere, not American life at all? Or does American life consist only of wronged people saying God damn and guts? I know what T—— implies, I like him for his concern about this aspect of our life and country; but I cannot accept these assaults of his on the arts in America, which, whatever their faults may be, derive after all from the life around them. We need a little better statement of the nature of this life before we stamp so loud. At any rate, I made the mistake of telling T—— about the Italian gentleman.

The Duke of M—— is a man of forty-two perhaps, tall, blond, sunburnt, very Tuscan looking. His family is mentioned in Dante, as everyone in the province knows quite well. His life is simple. Like so many Italians, he is wrapped up in the land. His estate near Pistoja has been in the family for eight centuries or more. The same peasant families have for the most part been on this land as long as the Duke's own stock has been. For a little while after the World War nearly all of them went on a rampage, tore up some of the vineyards and departed for the towns. But it was not for long; they all came back and settled down again. His old nurse belongs to these peasants, and the butler, too, who is almost as old as the nurse. And the same old priest has been there since before the Duke was born. The Duke has had a portrait of him painted, to hang in the sacristy of the chapel.

In my weakened state, undermined by the misplaced look of goodness and quiet living in the Duke's face, I accepted, not long ago, an invitation to motor out with him for the night; the place is called Castelrosa. He is half his time there, but we had a great fuss, nevertheless, over his coming, the little boys running out to welcome the *padrone*, and so on. At dinner the butler talked to us from time to time, as our old darkies used to do in the South; and later, when I was going to bed in my enormous room, he came to explain that a tile was lacking from the roof but was being put in directly, in case I heard a little water, perhaps, dropping and tapping in the night. In the morning we rode out, my host and I, down along under the cypress trees and then out at a canter across the pasture. I saw no peasants anywhere, and wondered, this being a farm. Then presently we heard them singing in the field higher up, on the ledge of the hill, and rode nearer and dismounted, walking our horses along with us. It was the mass being said. A little cabin or shrine of boards, with poles at the sides, had been carried there. The priest in his vestments stood before the altar, and around him the peasants were kneeling, men, women, children, and a few old people who could only follow the others about. They said the responses and sang the hymn. Afterwards they received the blessing and went on to their work.

I could dwell longer, I suppose, on that morning quiet, that sound of singing, the responses, the peasants' gentle faces, the light coming down, the soft air, the grass and leaves; but it would be only to betray the intelligentsia to which I belong. I must wish, doubtless, that the peasants could begin the day's work in the fields more seriously; then, probably, almonds or the pear trees might start more seriously and not blossom with such reckless violence, and so on.

I have already made the mistake of mentioning this event to T——. The only hope for our American art, I have gathered from him, is that it provide a means of expression for the stream of life and human epochs, which, I should think, might mean that our art must have a religious function, or else be dead and empty. But this drama of the peasant's soul, of the Duke's, of the land, which is set out in the mass here in the fields, is mere benighted rot, all out-of-date, ignorant of living issues. And the old priest, who seems from his face merely one of the peasants, is only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a money getter, if you like innocently, for that crafty organization in Rome.

Well, perhaps the time will come again when the Duke's peasants will tear up the grapevines. My difficulty now is that I have a promise already made to meet the Duke for coffee at Doney's in the afternoon, and what should I feel toward him? If he were only a landowner or property sharer, out with his fellow citizens tilling the earth and cursing Henry Ford, I might feel more comfortable, though the peasants themselves would darkly resent his intrusion. If the peasants were not so like sheep they might have shoes, which overproduction makes so numerous and maldistribution makes so scarce. It is true that all the peasants I saw at Castelrosa had shoes, but still—!

Well, then, the sheep. If each sheep were given the right to think he would be an individual, not merely following a shepherd to graze. In this case I myself, I fear, could not generalize enough to think of this sheep as part of a flock but merely as a silly animal. But perhaps the sheep are safe from this discussion, being in a State of Nature.

Poor Cat in the Adage

Waiting for the Duke and coffee at our rendezvous, I have a chance for other reflections. In the corner near me, by the large window, two American young men are sitting with glasses of vermouth. They are talking first of Italy, intelligently enough, of some of the things they have seen, the shock of strangeness and magnificence, and then of a new airplane-insurance scheme in America, a pooling scheme by which no single company would take all the risk, and so on. Then presently three ladies come in by way of the door from the corridor. They are English, a mother and two daughters. The mother is faded, and mussy around the hair, and with gray china teeth that clap together a little as if she were speaking her s's with a Romagnuolo accent. The daughters look agreeable and athletic, as if they liked to dance; their conversation has a sort of family heavy brightness, which the mother, however, has abandoned long since. The mother's manner is quite grand and proud.

The two young Americans rise politely, they evidently know the ladies; the five of them are at the same hotel. The young men ask, quite informally, no doubt, if the ladies will not join them in a Martini cocktail. The next moment has its significance.

The young ladies look pleasant and willing enough, then quiet. The mother looks distantly distinguished. But she wants the entertainment for herself and her girls, and she wants it free if possible, the Americans paying for it. And she wants the American young men to take them along on that motor trip to dine at San Gimignano, which they are presently talking about, after the five Martinis have come.

Poor old Europe! Shakespeare, when he made his allusion to the proverb, the poor cat i' the adage, who wants the fish but does not want to wet his paws, expressed it exactly. One must think of the material, the goods of this world, of course, and manage or make concessions. Very well, then one must refurbish one's elegances and grandeurs, or expect to be a little absurd to the barbarians overseas.

Stark Young.

CORRESPONDENCE

Emergency Scottsboro Defense

SIR: The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, formed by Theodore Dreiser and a group of artists, writers and educators, is calling a meeting at Town Hall, New York City, on Friday evening, June 5, at 8.15 p. m., to make known the shocking truth about the Scottsboro cases.

The list of speakers, now being completed, includes Theodore Dreiser, Mrs. Ada Wright, mother of two of the eight boys condemned to die on July 10, Waldo Frank, Walter Wilson, formerly Southern representative of the American Civil Liberties Union, William Patterson, League of Struggle for Negro Rights, and others.

There is no admission fee.

New York City. Sylvia Fenigston, Secretary.

American Cartoons

SIR: I am preparing a history of American graphic humor for the Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 West Eighth Street, New York City. I would greatly appreciate it if any of your readers possessing or knowing of collections of Colonial or Revolutionary cartoons and caricatures would communicate with me at the above address.

William Murrell.

New York City.

Or of Daddy Browning

SIR: It was a pleasure to read Mr. Mumford's "Notes on Modern Architecture" in The New Republic of March 18. His remarks about the entrance hall to the Daily News office in New York, "the domed black-glass entrance hall, with the revolving globe and the meteorological charts, would be a fitting entrance to a natural-history museum, and one might even tolerate it as a vestibule to a newspaper that really made some pretensions to covering all phenomena of time and space, like The New York Times," prompt me to suggest that a fitting decoration for the Daily News entrance hall would be a small series depicting amorous incidents in the life of Casanova.

Bruno Smith.

New York City.

The Maternal Death Rate

SIR: With respect to the interesting paragraph in your issue of May 13, I wonder if you are aware that the maternal death rate has been shown to be higher in American states where medical doctors with proper degrees handle practically all births than in states where well trained midwives handle a large percentage of the births? The European solution of the problem is the well trained midwife, who handles from seventy to eighty births before she can qualify, as against the scant dozen or less the average American doctor supervises before he qualifies to practise. America's shocking record in high maternal death rates in childbirth has been very definitely attributed by the leading gynecologists to incompetence on the part of American physicians.

Your further comments on procrastination in utilizing the scopolamin treatment, on the belated arrival of the doctors upon the birth-control bandwagon, and on the fact that too few people can afford to pay for the medical attention they require, all come under the category of faulty and chaotic medical organization in this country. I treated these matters extensively in my "Fads, Frauds and Physicians" and won for my pains the castigation of conservative physicians and little or no support from liberal thinkers. Indeed, some of the very people my book was designed to help joined in the fray and walloped me quite merrily. I survive, however, happy and content that the documented record of American medical incompetence exists in the book for those who care to peep at it.

Mt. Rainier, Md. T. Swann Harding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Conversion of John Hay

This is the first of three essays in which Mr. Hicks will discuss the attitude of American novelists to American industrialism, choosing John Hay, Robert Herrick and John Dos Passos as representatives of their different generations. —THE EDITORS.

AFTER the appearance of "Democracy" in 1880, Henry Adams playfully accused his friend and neighbor, John Hay, of being its author; when in 1882 The Century began to print "The Breadwinners," Hay took the opportunity to reciprocate. It made a pleasant jest between them, this fact that each had written a first novel and published it anonymously. The real joke they could not well be expected, at that time, to perceive. "The Breadwinners" was the last contribution John Hay, who had dreamt of being a poet and man of letters, made to literature. An illustrious career as diplomat and politician lay before him. To Henry Adams, on the other hand, who had scorned authorship and coveted political honors, the years, though they brought no eminence in affairs of state, did bring, after the publication of "Mont St. Michel" and the "Education," enduring fame as an author.

Like Henry Adams, John Hay was born in 1838 and grew to manhood in the Civil War years. Born in Indiana, reared in Illinois, he was educated at Brown, and the years in the East nurtured in him an enthusiasm for culture and a warm desire to become a poet. He found the Middle West, to which he returned in 1858, "a dreary waste of heartless materialism," the kind of environment in which "the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither." The dream of literature as a career must, he realized, be set aside for the moment; but he turned to the study of law with the reflection that more than one man of letters had begun life in the legal profession. Suddenly, in those days of violence and change, a new path was open before him, a path that first led to four years of secretarial service in the White House and then to five years of diplomatic appointments in Paris, Vienna and Madrid.

Not until 1870 did Hay again find opportunity to concern himself with letters. That spring his residence in Madrid inspired a series of essays on Spain, published in 1871 under the title "Castilian Days." In the autumn he returned to America, abandoning diplomacy to write editorials for The New York Tribune. And in November he wrote his two most popular poems, "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." He had written some poems, it is true, during his years in the European capitals, poems obviously inspired by Longfellow and Lowell. But these new and far more popular ventures showed the influence of the recently acclaimed Californian, Bret Harte, whose Far Western subjects and dialect could, Hay discovered, be paralleled in Pike County.

By the end of 1870, then, Hay had not only begun a literary career but had indicated in what direction his subsequent literary activities might be expected to point. He had revealed himself as a young man with a facile prose style and some poetic qualities. In his poems and essays he had shown a mild interest in the revolutionary movements of Europe and a typically Midwestern faith in the principles of republicanism. In his "Pike County Ballads" he had shown himself not indifferent to such peculiarly American qualities as could be observed on the frontier. Noting his interests and talents, one might have predicted in 1870 or 1871 that Hay would, sometime in the future, write a novel on the theme that he did choose for "The Breadwinners"; one could hardly, however, have anticipated the point of view from which he was to treat that theme, for it was, in general, the product of events that took place in the intervening decade.

In 1873 Hay became engaged to Clara Stone, daughter of a wealthy Cleveland financier. After their marriage they lived in a house that Amasa Stone had built for them on fashionable Euclid Avenue, and Hay, having left The Tribune, opened an office in which he was chiefly engaged in helping his father-in-law. In the summer of 1877, while Stone was in Europe and Hay was in charge of his interests, several railroad strikes, followed by riots, shook Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Hay, startled by this demonstration that the activities of the masses might run counter to the interests of the class to which he now belonged, wrote Stone that the country was at the mercy of the mob, that a disgraceful surrender to the strikers seemed likely, and that the devil had unquestionably entered into the lower classes. After the strike was over and he had resumed work on the life of Lincoln and his regular services to his father-in-law, he began to meditate upon the conditions so disturbingly revealed in the strikes and riots. The fruit of his meditation was "The Breadwinners," one of the earliest American novels of industrialism and certainly, as William Roscoe Thayer calls it, "the first polemic in American fiction in defense of property."

The first problem that Hay had to solve in writing "The Breadwinners" was that of relating his chosen theme to the demands of novel as the novel was then understood. His solution was, characteristically, a compromise. Though he boldly announced his own principal concern by calling the book "A Social Study," he did not venture to confine himself to the limits suggested by that subtitle. The conflict between the hero, Captain Farnham, and the strikers would seem dramatic enough to stand alone in the story, but it is repeatedly set aside in the interests of the love affair between Farnham and Alice Belding. The public of the eighties, Hay apparently calculated, so completely regarded love stories as the proper concern of novels that it would have shown little appreciation of a work of fiction in which the conventionally romantic element was omitted; or perhaps he himself was so imbued with current literary conceptions that he never thought of devoting himself exclusively to the theme of his choice. Whatever the explanation, the love story is there, in all its Victorian superficiality, occupying many pages with the description of Alice's purity and good breeding, and with the account of the inevitable misunderstanding and equally inevitable reconciliation. At various points and particularly in the climactic reconciliation scene, Farnham's romance is linked to his struggle with the strikers, but there is no necessary relation between the stories. In writing about a strike, in attempting a book that could flatly be called a social study, Hay was, after all, undertaking a rather bold experiment; in describing Alice and Arthur's progress toward marriage he could all too easily follow the precedents established by the best and worst of his contemporaries. What chance was there for Hay to employ the originality necessary for the treatment of the industrial theme, what hope was there for him to produce a unified novel, when he was, at the very outset, committed to this confusion of subjects and methods? Like many a modern novelist, he would not give his work a chance to sink or swim; he must provide it with water wings so it could at least be sure to float.

As for Hay's other problems, they were, so far as he was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to find a solution for them, solved in the summer of 1877. His experience had determined the particular phase of industrialism he would treat, a strike—fortunately for him the most dramatic form of the most obvious conflict in the industrial situation. Of course there is more in the book, even aside from the romantic elements, than the strike itself. The hero, a retired army officer, conscientiously devoting himself to the administration of his fortune, is, as the story opens, visited by Maud Matchin, a girl whose usefulness to society—presumably as a domestic servant or the dutiful wife of some humble workman—has been destroyed by a high-school education and the reading of cheap fiction. His benevolent efforts to obtain for her a position in the library provide an opportunity for a description of municipal corruption. It is also in following her that we see her father, an honest but ignorant carpenter, and his assistant Sam Sleeny, who is humbly courting Maud. The events of their lives bring us, in turn, into contact with Andy Offitt, "the greasy apostle of labor," and his organization of Breadwinners. But all this is merely to introduce us to the lives of the working classes and to reveal to us the way in which they in their ignorance, and despite their essential goodness of heart, fall victim to the villainies of Offitt and his ilk. All this is to show how strikes begin and how they spread, how corrupt and self-seeking rogues take advantage of honest workers to persuade them to go against their own best interests. Mysteriously the strike commences, with the men leaving their jobs at the orders of leaders whom they have never seen. It spreads like a plague, and violence soon follows. Farnham organizes a group of veterans to protect the property of the industrialists, who are, as a matter of fact, not sorry to close their factories for a short interval. As one of them says, "We want nothing better than ten days' rest. We want to repair our furnaces, and we haven't a —— thing to do." Farnham's volunteers prevent the mob from damaging property, with Farnham himself in the role of hero. The strike collapses. One of the employers says, "We shall . . . reëngage on our own terms, next day, as many as we want . . . we shan't be hard on them," he adds. And there is nothing left for Hay to do, after lecturing the rich for not paying more attention to government, but to wind up his romance.

Hay's position in telling the story is undisguisedly partisan. In some measure this is an advantage, for it permits a simplification of the industrial problem, a reduction of it to not too unwieldly dimensions. But unfortunately the simplification is carried to a point at which the plausibility of the tale becomes dubious. Since Hay's one criticism of the rich was that they paid too little attention to public affairs, he was able to create in Captain Farnham, by endowing him with a sense of social responsibility, as impeccable a hero as ever won the heart of a fair lady. Farnham represents not merely industrial leadership but also good government, culture and personal morality. Opposed to this paragon we find, not the masses of the workers, but their bad angel, the slimy Andy Offitt. The struggle reduces itself to the immemorial struggle between good and evil, and in the end to little more than a personal conflict between the handsome hero and the altogether unspeakable villain.

What else could one expect? Ostensibly Hay had set himself to write a social study, a novel of industrialism; but in his heart he was determined to write an apology for industrialists, made palatable by the introduction of a conventional romance. He was neither aware of nor interested in the realities of American business in the seventies. Farnham makes an admirable hero, but there is nothing in the novel to suggest the existence of qualities that would have made him a good business man. To compare Farnham with any of the major industrialists of the period, even as they are portrayed by their more laudatory biographers, is to see that the good captain is merely a stuffed shirt. And as for the other half of the picture, not only do we find nothing in the book about the conditions of labor, nothing that suggests the existence of genuine hardships or the need for change; we find that Andy Offitt, far from being in any way representative of the men who built up the labor movement, is not even credible in the role of self-seeking misleader of the workers. "The Breadwinners" is the story of a pretty love affair and a ferocious battle between two men of straw.

But if "The Breadwinners" was a failure, John Hay was a success. That he wrote the book was not definitely known until after his death, but his virtues as an apologist for the existing order did not on that account go unrewarded. Leaving literature behind him, he rose rapidly until he became Secretary of State. The posthumous collection of addresses shows that, though he could still speak on literary themes, he was at his most eloquent when praising the Republican party as the creator of American prosperity. Not a doubt assailed him as he lauded McKinley, interpreted our occupation of the Philippines as a sacred mission and defended the seizure of Panama as a just and beneficent act. His function was to cover with respectability the progress of movements that apparently he understood no better than he understood the significance of the Cleveland strike of '77.

Whatever happened to Hay and whatever the weaknesses of his book, one might have supposed that, as the first polemic on behalf of private property, "The Breadwinners" might have sired a long line of novels. No theme, one would assume, could more certainly guarantee an author the enthusiastic patronage of the American people. But for some reason the heirs of John Hay have been few and feeble. Before 1900 few books indeed were written on industrial themes; since 1900 there have been many novels on that subject, but the majority of them have been sharply critical, if not of the institution of private property, at least of the conduct of industry for private gain. Parrington mentions Henry K. Webster, Samuel Merwin and Will Payne as fictional apologists for capitalism; to the list the names of Clarence Kelland and Booth Tarkington might be added. But what does their total output on this theme possibly amount to? No, if we may use the pragmatic test, an uncritical belief in capitalism is not for the novelist a fruitful approach to industrialism. The case of John Hay at least partly indicates why.

What is the fruitful approach? One would like to know because, though it must be admitted that no special virtue attaches to a novel that concerns itself with the industrial scene, ever since the Civil War industrialism has, as the most important and the most conspicuous phenomenon in American life, stared the novelist in the face, begging him to make use of the material it offered. To discover at least a tentative answer is the purpose of these three articles. If John Hay's approach did not work, what about the attitude of the novelists of the muckraking decade, the liberal-critical attitude, for example, of Robert Herrick? And what about the very obverse of Hay's position, the radicalism of John Dos Passos?

GRANVILLE HICKS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boss

Stalin, by Isaac Don Levine. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 421 pages. $3.50.

IN SPITE of a tendency to a turgid style of journalistic fancy, Isaac Don Levine has made an important contribution to the material about Russia in English. His book on Stalin is more than a biography of that modest dictator, for it contains valuable material from books hitherto accessible only in Russian, and many of Mr. Levine's quotations throw light on the history of the Russian Revotion and the careers of Lenin and Trotsky, Bukharin and Zinoviev, which no writer of English has presented before in such detail. Also, his book is the first detailed account of Russia's inconspicuous boss, in whom the world's curiosity has been aroused because of the important economic circumstances with which he is concerned.

Trotsky would have been important if it had been his fate to be the director of a bank on the East Side of New York. Lenin would have been important if he had become the editor of a Socialist newspaper anywhere. But Stalin's importance is bound up with the particular political and economic situation in his country at the moment. Trotsky and Lenin were men of profound ideas; Stalin is a creature of circumstances.

Stalin emerges from the facts, events and speeches included in Mr. Levine's book as a person for whose character one has a tremendous respect. He is not the lovable fellow Al Capone unfortunately has become in the minds of many Americans, though the two men have a certain ruthlessness in common. And it is interesting that Stalin once turned bandit for the revolutionary cause and escaped three times from Tsarist jails and exile before he finally settled down in Siberia to hunt and fish until the Russian Revolution relieved the monotony. Stalin, however, wants nothing for himself. He lives in two rooms in the Kremlin with his second wife, and one of their children sleeps on the couch in the dining room, which is also the living room. He believes that he is working for his fellow men, and he probably works harder and under greater nervous strain than any other man in the world today. His character is a curious compound of energy, will, taciturnity and deceit. He keeps in the background which he himself creates; and if anyone in Russia today attempts to mar the pattern of that background he soon finds himself in jail, in exile, dead, or begging Stalin's pardon. Stalin today is the emperor of the most difficult empire in the world to govern, and yet there seem to be no indications that his head lies uneasy. Perhaps it is because he started with nothing and has no fears of retribution.

Stalin himself once gave this reason for his first interest in socialism: "I became a Marxist thanks, one may say, to my social position—my father was an operative in a shoe factory, and my mother, too, was a worker—and also because there was a stir of revolt in the milieu around me, which was of the same social level as my parents, and finally, because of Jesuitic repression and the martinet intolerance of the Orthodox Church seminary, where I spent some years." For, it was Stalin's mother's hope that her son would become a priest. She now has a room in a former palace in the Caucasus and prays for him. Stalin's rise from minor revolutionary importance to supreme importance on the world stage is the story of the triumph of a politician over statesmen and thinkers. He has had the good sense to take over the ideas of the men whom he has politically beheaded. He himself modestly admits that he is only the secretary of the Communist party, which is not false modesty. It is a correct estimate of him, and at the same time accounts for his powers of good and evil, which are abundant. Mr. Levine theatrically sums up one side of Stalin's activities when he writes: "The quiet strangling of all creative thought, the blind suffocation of all dissident opinion, the degradation and imprisonment of all free intellect, the falsifications of records, the venal campaign against the intelligentsia as a class, the hypocritical administrative system of justice, the all-pervading master network of espionage—these are some of the marks of the new guillotine of a new form of dictatorship of our 'new' age." Only, unfortunately, Mr. Levine attributes these things to Bolshevism as such instead of to the Stalin method of maintaining his power. It is true that Lenin and Trotsky used some of them temporarily, but Stalin is in a direct line from Richard Croker and not from Lenin or Trotsky, having stopped merely to drink at the fountain of their ideas. The other side of Stalin's achievement is the Five Year Plan (not his original statesmanship), the intense collectivization of agriculture, and the development of Soviet economic diplomacy to the point where Europe and America cannot longer ignore it.

M. R. WERNER.

Picaresque

Juan in America, by Eric Linklater. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

OUT OF a long visit to America, Mr. Linklater has concocted a fairy tale rendered hilarious by his observations of this Land of Infinite Possibility. He has boiled down all the tabloids into one volume deliriously crowded with suicide, gunplay, adultery, holdups, jazz, rum running, politics and Hollywood capers, and has called it "Juan in America." It must be understood that the author's Juan is no avatar of Byron's Don, despite the ingenious family tree supplied by his creator, for Juan Motley's activities are consistently less specialized than those of his Spanish ancestor, and his interests range over a broader field. In order to cover that field, Mr. Linklater does not hesitate to force situations to the breaking point, to introduce impossible coincidences, and to reduce all his characters to the stylized dimensions of a comic strip. Juan alone fails to fit into the mold his author has arbitrarily created for his American exhibits; in fact, he never achieves the heightened vitality of Moon Mullins or Augustus Mutt.

Exiled to America as a result of his irrepressible nature, he manages to cover more landscape in one crowded year, to embrace more adventures and adventurous ladies, to see more curiosities, than the average American covers, embraces and sees in a lifetime. In swift succession he is college student, tramp, hash slinger, rum runner, soda jerker, acrobat, soloist in an orchestra that never plays, and movie extra. He is witness of a suicide within an hour of landing, and within twenty-four, of a murder; he is a football player, a student of business administration, an innocent bystander in a gang fight; he is robbed, seduced and a seducer; he rides a half-drowning mule down a flooded Carolina river; he is lost in a swamp, rescued by the intellectual daughter of a beer baron, cast away at sea, rescued by plane; he makes a parachute jump, prevents a lynching, saves a movie star from drowning, almost commits bigamy and does commit assault and battery.

As obbligato to Juan's feverish activities, the author introduces at every point instances of European culture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(crudition), which he contrasts a bit smugly with our national illiteracy. He has a keen ear for the American language, has documented all the slang he heard, and has thrown it in pell-mell without motivation or a decent regard for the exigencies of inevitable dialogue. Yet such is the vitality of Mr. Linklater's pen that his book runs a true course to unfailing amusement. His criticism is tempered with understanding. It is true that his novel never achieves the authenticity of profound satire. His situations are forced, his dialogue overloaded, his characters rubber stamps—out of all the noisy Americans he describes, only his Carolina Negroes come in for the kindly treatment born of real affection—but the book is rich with unflagging entertainment. All Juan's activities are inevitable segments of the picture his author is trying to paint of our country—an America many native sons would have difficulty in recognizing, but which they will be just as fascinated to explore as was the author himself. ALVAH C. BESSIE.

A Journalist vs. a Nation

Volume Two, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 301 pages. $2.

MISS MAYO timed her first exposure of India's social evils for the moment when the Imperial Power began the official study of the question whether its dependency was ripe for a further extension of self-government. Based on the slightest acquaintance with the people whom she assailed, her political pamphlet had the success of every plain-spoken book that deals with sex. Its first effect, alike in England and America, was to set everything Indian in a context of mingled pity and contempt. On further reflection, most of her readers were moved to ask a question which she had not foreseen. If, after a conquest which had lasted for a century and a half, the British in India have done so little to educate her masses, to reform their customs or to introduce sanitation into their impoverished villages, would anything be lost by a transfer of responsibility, and might not something be gained? The unkindly blow which Miss Mayo aimed at India made an ugly noise, but in the end it left no more than a scar on India's self-respect—perhaps a salutary scar.

"Volume Two" adds nothing to the first indictment, save a chapter of history as partial, one-sided and incomplete as bias well could make it. Much in the interval has happened in India. The Legislative Assembly, acting on the initiative of a private Hindu member, has by a great majority (67 to 14) passed the Sarda Act, which forbids child marriage, if the boy is under eighteen or the girl under fourteen years of age. This was a great advance, and even if no more were gained than the affirmation of a principle, at least it challenged teachings which orthodoxy has preached and enforced for thousands of years. It meant a break with organized religion, to which in Catholic countries we should find a parallel only after a political revolution. More startling still, this defiance of revealed religion and the Scriptures could be launched while the masses are still submissive to its teaching.

This immense stride forward Miss Mayo chooses to ridicule, because the Act was less drastic than some of its advocates desired, and has, in fact, been ineffective. For this there are two reasons, and Indians are responsible for neither. In the first place, there is in India no registration of marriages. The civil power takes no cognizance of them: there is no official whose business it is to see that the law is observed: it is no part of the duty of the police or of the law officers to take action against those who infringe it. This is left to the initiative of private citizens—an unsatisfactory mechanism at any time, which was bound to fail completely during the past year of turmoil. The leaders of the reforming party, women as well as men, who might have acted, were themselves defying and ignoring the British administration, and tens of thousands of them were in prison. In these conditions there was no one to set the Act in motion, and it has had, speaking broadly, no effect. The second reason for its failure is that the government took fright, when it was faced by a violent Mohammedan agitation in the turbulent Northwest. It suits Miss Mayo to direct her whole attack upon Hindus. In point of fact the dangerous, organized opposition to the Sarda Act came, not from the Hindus at all, but from the Moslems, led by Shankat Ali. They are less given to the practice of child marriage than the Hindus, but they chose to take up the medieval position that marriage is a matter for the religious law alone, in which the State has no right to meddle. A leading Moslem of the Northwest publicly defied the Act, and when he was convicted, the government remitted his fine. That destroyed all hope of strict enforcement. Worse still, the government drafted and circulated an amending bill, which lowers the age of marriage for girls from fourteen years to twelve, and permits conscientious objectors to escape it altogether. Whether from lack of candor, or lack of knowledge, Miss Mayo leaves this important chapter of recent history untold. Had she told it, it would have ruined her argument.

To the honesty of the Hindu liberals, Miss Mayo is indebted for the entire material of this book, which is an abstract of the evidence collected by an official, but all-Indian, commission. It was needless, at this length and with all this painful detail, to prove once more what no one doubts. Child marriage is the rule. Consummation is usual at puberty, and may take place earlier. The results are what one would expect—the premature exhaustion of the boy-husband, the arrest of the girl's mental and physical development, much suffering and disease and appalling heredity for the offspring, and degeneration for the race. It is an exaggeration to trace to this one cause the poor physique, the short average life and the lack of energy of the Indian people. Poverty and semi-starvation are more important causes, and after these comes malaria. The fact remains that the Indian race will not begin to win its due place in the world until it makes an end of this monstrous evil together with its consequence, the thwarted child-widow.

Where Miss Mayo is summarizing the work of more scrupulous investigators, her book broadly tells the truth, and for the good of the India of tomorrow the truth ought to be known. She surrounds it, however, with an emotional commentary based on no adequate knowledge of India and the East, and here she is usually as misleading as she is malicious. The evil is older and more general than she realizes: the abuse of girl children was the custom of ancient Egypt, and their prostitution is, or recently was, common in Turkey. The explanation of the Indian evil is not, as she would convey, the lust of the male. It has two roots, both of immense antiquity, in religion. The Indian family is based on the continuity of worship, and to ensure this, the duty of begetting an heir at the earliest possible moment is laid on every son. Again, in their morbid prohibition of killing, Indians include even the unfertilized ovum. Given these beliefs, actual marriage at puberty was inevitable. If I may trust my own impressions of Indian society, the attitude of men to women is one of unusual respect and affection. The Congress movement, which Miss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will You Live too long *or die too soon?*

These two possibilities every one must face—either that he will die too soon, while others are yet dependent upon him; or that he will outlive the period of his own earning capacity, and become dependent himself.

There is no escaping the facts. But there is a way to provide against either possibility.

By setting aside a small part of your present earnings, you can acquire a policy in the Postal Life Insurance Company that will protect your dependents against untimely loss of your support, and at the same time, help you create a substantial estate for *your* later years. This is the modern idea of insurance, to give the two-fold protection every one needs.

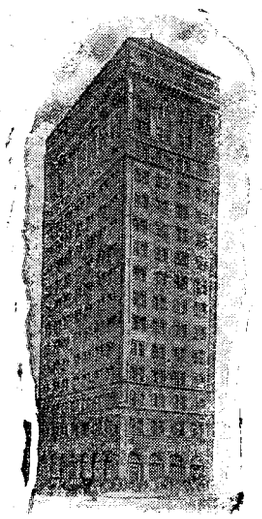
Distinctive Economies for Postal Policyholders

In the Postal Life Insurance Company you not only enjoy the security of this complete protection, but also its *distinctive economies,* through the Postal's method of doing business direct with the individual.

By eliminating the agent's commission, the Postal Life Insurance Company effects substantial savings on every policy it writes. This saving is passed on to the policyholder, to reduce the cost of insurance. You are paid a

Guaranteed Dividend of 9½% of Premiums

in addition to the ordinary dividends which are paid as earned. This application of advanced business methods to the writing of insurance has attracted friends everywhere among the intelligent, independent-minded. Its 25-year record of steady growth reflects public appreciation of its service in a most important field of activity. Why not consider its way of doing business yourself? Share in its economies while you get the benefit of the best protection.



POSTAL LIFE BUILDING
OWNED BY THE COMPANY

It Is Easy to Deal Direct

Merely mail the coupon below. You will receive full information which you can consider in the privacy of your home, at your leisure, uninfluenced by solicitation. You will deal direct with the Company. The help and advice of its expert officials are at your service. Thousands avail themselves of this modern insurance service every year. Mail the coupon now and get the facts! (Please be sure to give your age, occupation, and exact date of birth.)

Postal Life Insurance Co.

Postal Life Insurance Company NR-5
511 Fifth Avenue, New York

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Exact date of birth.....

Amount.....

Mayo specially abhors, has in the past year broken down the custom of *purdah,* at least in the towns, and worked miracles for women's emancipation. What India chiefly lacks is a ruthless critical movement, based on an unflinching rationalism, which will sweep away all this lumber of custom and superstition. But India will not criticize or reform herself so long as she can ascribe all her shortcomings to foreign rule.

H. N. Brailsford.

Book Notes

Belles Lettres

APHORISMS, by F. H. Bradley. *New York: Oxford University Press. $2.*

The foremost expounder of idealism in modern England did well to leave these "Aphorisms" behind him, with instructions for their publication. Their opponents usually describe the Idealists as windy fellows, living in a world of Timeless Absolutes and abstract wish-fulfilments: in Bradley's "Aphorisms" one meets, on the contrary, with a tough and mature mind, humane, shrewd, brilliant and worldly wise. If La Rochefoucauld was Bradley's master, the Englishman was a worthy pupil. "A man may find when he is in love that in reality his principles were only other feelings." "Everywhere an insoluble problem—to know how much to be jealous." One must leave the pleasure of discovering the remaining ninety-eight epigrams to the reader.

THE MAGICAL ART OF VIRGIL, by Edward Kennard Rand. *Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 446 pages. $5.*

The critic's attitude toward Virgil, as the title of his book indicates, is one of almost superstitious admiration; whereas his approach to the reader is rather that of an apostle to the Boeotians. His manner, at best pleasant and courteous, is at worst saccharine or smug, his matter is devoid of any information likely to surprise or bewilder the reader for whom he has abstracted, with the exception of the "Aenid," almost all the Virgilian poems. In brief, a conventional and harmless volume, of some religious importance in spreading the gospel of Virgil, but of little vital significance to the art of criticism.

Biography

IMPERIAL BROTHER: The Life of the Duc de Morny, by Maristan Chapman. *New York: The Viking Press. 418 pages. $3.50.*

Morny was the half-brother of Napoleon III and his ablest minister. This book greatly exaggerates his ability and importance; it describes his career by means of imaginary incidents and conversations; it invents too much to be useful as a biography, and too little to be interesting as a novel; it is written in rather a Wardour Street style.

THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, by Robert Sencourt. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 387 pages. $5.*

This biography of the wife of Napoleon III is based partly on unpublished material owned by her Spanish relatives. Mr. Sencourt has produced a well written and entertaining book which is at the same time thorough and reliable. He admires Eugénie both as empress and as woman. Anti-clerical historians have held her responsible for some of her husband's worst mistakes; but Mr. Sencourt shows that her advice, if consistently followed, might have saved the Second Empire from ruin.

MERE MARIE OF THE URSULINES, by Agnes Repplier. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 314 pages. $2.50.*

The biography of an Ursuline nun who left France and went to live amid the hardships of the new Quebec is here told in detail, but without any particular distinction. Aside from the irritating flipness of the style, events which had a tremendous significance for the inhabitants of New France have a flatness, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lack of color, even a lack of significance, in the author's probably exact account of them. And Mère Marie never moves again, alive for the eye, amid the exactitudes of pioneer life, of founding a convent, of educating Indians, of massacres. A brief and amusing history of the Ursuline order precedes the recital of a single-purposed woman's life and death.

Public Affairs

FILIPINO IMMIGRATION, by Bruno Lasker. *University of Chicago Press. 445 pages. $4.*

After an exhaustive examination of the experiences of the 50,000 Filipinos who have entered the United States in the last decade, Mr. Lasker concludes that they are neither great asset nor great liability. Concentration in areas and occupations, especially on the Pacific coast, has led to violent outbursts of prejudice. The problem lies in the uncertainty as to the Filipinos' intention; if they come in greater numbers, real trouble will ensue, as they cannot easily be assimilated. The study was made for the Institute of Pacific Relations and is offered as a factual basis for deciding how excessive immigration can be checked without jeopardizing our situation in the Far East.

NATIONAL DEFENSE, by Kirby Page. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 403 pages. $3.*

A twenty-two-point program for avoiding wars is offered by Kirby Page, editor of The World Tomorrow, at the end of a book describing the causes and results of the last War and the horrors of the next. In addition to suggestions such as freeing the Philippines and recognizing Russia's present government, a substantial appeal is made for support to institutions providing other means than force for resolving international conflict.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, by John A. Ryan. *Boston: The Stratford Company. 333 pages. $3.*

Dr. Ryan is opposed to the prohibition law, believes in democracy, and declares that the Roman Catholic Church is not in politics. Industrial growth and natural readjustments will rid us of poverty. "Experience" will never suffice as a basis for morals. Birth control and legislative eugenics are contrary to the moral law. In all these opinions, he is a well informed and able advocate of the tenets of his church.

The Social Sciences

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN VIRGINIA, by Hugh N. Fuller and others. *New York: The Century Company. 195 pages. $2.25.*

This represents a survey of 15,000 criminal cases since 1917. Jury trials now decide relatively few Virginia felony actions. Usually the prosecutor makes the decision. He induces the defendant to plead guilty and thus get a shorter sentence than if he stood trial. Virginia juries fix sentences in trials; this is condemned by the investigators, as juries are not told all facts about the accused. Comment by 120 public officials disagrees widely on how to mend the state judicial system. The book is a valuable portrayal of trends.

EQUALITY, by R. H. Tawney. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 280 pages. $2.25.*

The author of "The Acquisitive Society," in a somewhat weighty and bejeweled style, examines various misconceptions of equality, and the political, social and economic implications which any sane conception of it entails. His method is brilliant, fruitful and only occasionally polemical. His thesis directs its application particularly to England, but of necessity it must consider the conception of equality in all political democracies. In dealing, for instance, with American social equality west of the Atlantic seaboard, he admires the qualities held in doubt by no less an American commentator than Roscoe Pound—those resulting from the leveling influence of the pioneer. He must, in the case of England, restate certain principles which can have little or no application to the United States; for England still has major difficulties with political and social equality. When he considers

AMERICA THE MENACE

By Georges Duhamel

"A provocative and entertaining book. . . . As we hate the communist so Americans hate Duhamel. For he is a danger to American civilization. He is hitting at the very principle of their existence."—Lady Rhondda in Time and Tide. $2.00

"Mr. Hearst went happily on his way, booming Cuba; while Mr. Pulitzer, his rival, afterward confessed, 'that he had rather liked the idea of a war—not a big one—but one that would arouse interest and gauge circulation figures.'" . . .

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT

A Study of our War With Spain by Walter Millis

This is the story of a war which had its obscure origins in a fight for newspaper circulation, which began with the complete irrelevance of a boiler explosion, and which was conducted (though upon the highest moral plane) like an absent-minded comic opera.

This fantastic chapter in America's development is now told for the first time with all candor in a book that is less history than a study of how history is made. Illustrated, $4.00

STARRY ADVENTURE

By Mary Austin

The color and beauty of New Mexico form the background of this vivid novel by one of America's foremost women writers. "The country is marvelously felt, made visible, tangible. Every page is steeped in the colors of that sunset, and exhales the fragrance of the desert flowers."—Isabel Paterson in the New York Herald Tribune. $2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENNUI PFD.

Are you filled with ennui? Are you surrounded by lassitude? Are you "tired-of-it-all"? That's the way we prefer 'em! For listen to this: A Golf course that is neither "miniature" or "Lilliputian". Tennis courts that you dream about. Scenery—well, *this* is the Adirondacks. Grub that measures up to the gastronomic stimulation of the ozone. Swimming, boating and all the other little ding-dings and doo-dads.

FINANCIAL NOTE: Most people have a swell time at Green Mansions and they don't have to mortgage the Old Homestead to do it!

Phone us for the details. ' ' ' '

GREEN MANSIONS

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

NEW YORK OFFICE: 11 W. 42 ST. *Phone:* Chickering 4-1345

LENA BARISH : : SAM GARLEN

MEXICAN MAZE

by CARLETON BEALS

Leaves from a notebook of fifteen years in Mexico—land of heat and sun, revolution and oil, miracles, pilgrimages and fiestas, generals and muleteers. A travel book into time as well as through strange valleys and along tropical coasts. 75 illustrations by Diego Rivera. $3.00

June choice of the Book League of America

LIPPINCOTT Washington Square Philadelphia

ANY BOOK reviewed or advertised in this issue will be promptly supplied, postpaid anywhere in the United States.

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE

419 West 21st Street New York City

economic equality, however, he touches on a problem which is as pressing in this country as in England. In general he makes clear that the notion of equality he is expounding falls under the general problem of democracy and its effectiveness.

ZUNI FOLK TALES, by Frank Hamilton Cushing. *With an introduction by Mary Austin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 474 pages. $5.*

In 1879 Frank Hamilton Cushing was left by an exploring expedition at the Zuñi pueblo. His unusual linguistic skill, combined with histrionic ability, enabled him successfully to enact a role in this absolutely alien environment. Indeed, he acquired the confidence of the Zuñi so thoroughly that he was adopted into the Macaw clan and became Priest of the Bow. He lived in the pueblo for nearly seven years, and during this time acquired an insight into the mind and soul of the American Indian which has been surpassed by no other articulate observer. His "Zuñi Folk Tales" was first issued thirty years ago with a foreword by Major J. R. Powell. Mary Austin has written the introduction to the present edition. Both speak of Cushing with enthusiasm, but choose different points for emphasis, Major Powell discussing the technical side of the work and Miss Austin justly praising it for literary merit.

European Fiction

THE MAGNET, by Maxim Gorky. *Translated by Alexander Bakshy. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.*

"The Magnet" begins with boredom; it ends, after a magnificent panorama of the bloody Sunday of January 9, 1905, with a picture of a society in a state of disorder. The weary adventures of Clim Samghin, of "Bystander," are continued in minute detail, sometimes with the curious formlessness, the pungent, meaningless asides, that characterized Gorky's reminiscences of Andreyev. Disturbing, contradictory characters appear and disappear inexplicably, as though their actions, aside from their meetings with Clim, were as of little interest to their creator as to him. Indeed, one's first impression is that Gorky has made his task impossible by choosing this cold, egocentric man of prejudices, cautious in everything but his skepticism, as his protagonist. It is not until the climax is reached that one sees the value of this unwillingness to take sides, and recognizes the validity of the figure of Clim, whose final verdict is that "revolutions are necessary, in order to destroy revolutionists." The dull insistence on sensuous detail, weariness, indifference, which seem at first signs of a tired imagination, add to the strength of the final scenes, when they are dispensed with. Clim's marriage and his love affairs, as well as the pictures of the riots, are clearly, but remotely drawn, for Gorky writes with such detachment that events near at hand seem to be visualized through an inverted telescope. The book closes abruptly, in confusion, leaving the reader almost as perplexed and troubled, as incapable of making a decision, as Clim Samghin himself.

THE PURE IN HEART, by Franz Werfel. *Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.*

"Novelists," according to Franz Werfel, "are in the habit of depicting marriage as a sex war. Might it not more often be called a class war?" Men of letters, one also learns, form their opinions not through conviction or experience, but through an overnice sense of what is banal. There are endless variations, in this novel of the War and of life in post-war Vienna, of this manner of setting up arbitrary standards, then contradicting them. The story of Ferdinand R., ship's doctor, is almost buried under these aphorisms, and under the long character analyses delivered in the most muddled jargon of class psychology. The action takes place as Ferdinand remembers it while leaning over the ship's rail; and although there is an introductory chapter describing the intensity and accuracy of his memory, it is difficult to believe that anyone could remember so much, with as little precision as the subsequent chapters show. The international acclaim indicated on the jacket, with praise from Der Bund, of Berne, Sewodnja, of Riga, Slowo, of Sofia, and other European journals, is nothing less than astonishing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMSON AND DELILAH, by Felix Salten. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.*

Mr. Salten rewrites the Biblical legend chiefly to whitewash Delilah of responsibility for the hair-cutting episode. He is, fortunately, no Professor Erskine dressing up old heroines in Chanel clothes to amuse the nitwits; but neither is his version a shining improvement on the old. His style is pleasantly poetic, his notion of Samson and Delilah as hapless lovers rather more sentimental than startling.

31 FAMILIES UNDER HEAVEN, by Georg Fink. *Translated by Lillie C. Hummel. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.*

The author of this autobiographical novel presents a repellent picture of the misery found in the bottom-dog stratum of present-day civilization. His revelations of life in the slum districts of Berlin are more a hysterical cry for relief than a continuous narrative. It is unfortunate that Herr Fink's passionate denunciation of society lacks the restraint that would have transformed it into a novel of real merit. "31 Families Under Heaven" is an incoherent story which labors heavily under the moral it bears. As a thesis-novel, it is unquestionably a sincere contribution to proletarian fiction.

TOWARDS THE WEST, by M. Constantin-Weyer. *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.*

Europe seeks escape from reality by Western stories, but M. Constantin-Weyer, who might be considered the Zane Grey of France, writes from a different angle. He realizes that the fundamental of adventure is not mere physical incidents of bloodshed, but the impact of individual or racial character upon situations. He shows the Métis, or Breeds, of the Canadian Northwest in the period just previous to the Riel Rebellion. They felt that their valor in holding off the Blackfeet and the Sioux gave them the right to think of themselves as a people set apart. M. Constantin-Weyer constructs a story of villainy foiled that is curiously similar to the American Westerns, but his book is redeemed from triteness by its skill in portraying a diversity of racial types.

Contributors

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE, after a business career in Texas, began to contribute articles to Printers' Ink and Advertising and Selling. In recent years he has published travel articles, stories and essays in Harper's, The Saturday Evening Post and other magazines. He is the author of several books, the most recent being "An American Banker," and is at present traveling through Europe.

ISADOR LUBIN, the author of "The Absorption of the Unemployed by American Industry," "The British Coal Dilemma" and other books, was economic expert for the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in a recent investigation into unemployment in the United States. He is a staff member of the Institute of Economics, Brookings Institution, in Washington.

LÉONIE ADAMS, who has during the past six months been delivering a series of lectures on Victorian literature at Washington Square College, is the author of "High Falcon," her second book of verse.

LOUIS FISCHER, who recently returned to Russia, has been a newspaper correspondent there since 1922. He is the author of "Oil Imperialism," "The Soviets in World Affairs" and of a recently published volume entitled "Why Recognize Russia?"

GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute, is planning a book on American literature since the Civil War, with special reference to some of the problems raised in the present series of articles.

M. R. WERNER, the author of "Barnum," "Bryan," "Brigham Young" and "Tammany Hall," returned several months ago from a trip to Soviet Russia.

ALVAH C. BESSIE has published stories, articles and reviews in Transition, The Hound and Horn and The Criterion, and has made several translations from the French. He is spending the summer in Vermont.

HOT WEATHER AND ELECTRICITY

In more ways than one does electricity make the hot, sultry days of mid-summer bearable — even enjoyable, for example:

—Cool drinks and refreshing salads are afforded you by your electric refrigerator.

—Electric fans, in your home, bring you fresh, invigorating, seaside breezes, day and night.

If you haven't already purchased an electric fan, buy one or more General Electric Fans NOW —and provide yourself with cool comfort for many summers. Remember, you can buy a G-E Fan for as little as $6.50 and the average life is 20 YEARS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Merchandise Department *Bridgeport, Conn.*

England's Crisis

By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

T. R. Ybarra, N. Y. Times — "Fresh from lecturing Americans in *America Comes of Age*, Siegfried now turns to admonishing the English with the same brilliancy, urbanity and mercilessness."

Sir Philip Gibbs, N. Y. Times — "The most penetrating analysis of present conditions in England. He has found the weak spots in the English armor of tradition." $3.00

Reason and Nature

By MORRIS R. COHEN

Harold Ward, N. Y. Times — "One of the most invigorating contributions to American philosophy since Santayana's *Life of Reason*."

Henry Hazlitt, The Nation — "Destined to mark an important milestone, perhaps even a turning point, in the history of American philosophic thought." $5.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUNE CONFERENCE

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

Thursday, June 25th to Sunday, June 28, 1931

CAMP TAMIMENT

Forest Park (near Stroudsburg, Pa.)

"Banking, Credit and Social Planning"

Conference speakers include Dr. Harold G. Moulton, Dr. Max Winkler, Norman Thomas, Professor Willard Thorp, Professor E. E. Agger, Nicholas Kelley, Professor Gyan Chand, Max Lowenthal, John T. Flynn, McAlister Coleman, Paul Blanshard, Professor Colston Warne, Louis Waldman, Vladimir D. Kazakevich, Dr. Lionel D. Edie, Guy Greer and Evans Clark.

For further information write to

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
112 East 19th St. New York City
Algonquin 4-5865.

MOTION PICTURES

CENTRAL
Theatre 47th St. and Broadway.

Daily Mats. at 2:45, 50c to $1.00, Nights 8:45, 50c to $1.50 (inc. Sun.)

AMKINO Presents

The Five Year Plan

"RUSSIA'S REMAKING"
(TALK IN ENGLISH)
Through Camera's eye, see Soviet progress

The New Republic's special resort and summer rental rate is only $4.00 an inch (measuring 1"x2¼") for one insertion; $3.50 an inch for three insertions; $3.00 an inch for six insertions. Minimum space, half an inch. Larger space proportionately more. The New Republic, 421 W. 21st Street, New York City.

RESORTS

"WILLOWBROOK," located in beautiful Couhocton Valley, near Finger Lakes region, Steuben County. Open all seasons to limited number of guests desiring rest and recreation. Reservations made, prices reasonable.

Mrs. M. A. Stannarius,
R. D. No. 1, Avoca, New York

VONHURST. A Camp for Families and Adults. Center Harbor, N. H. Central Lodge, well-screened cabins, beautiful lake, sandy beach, boating, canoeing, fishing. 60-acre forest tract. Electricity, modern plumbing. Write for terms.
F. H. VONDER SUMP, Randolph, Mass.

Small Country Tea House
Unusual opportunity to spend part or whole summer in country. All modern comforts, excellent food. Convenient commuting, riding, bathing.
THE COUNTRY HOUSE
New Canaan, Connecticut.

BUNGALOW FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Open type single room bungalow camp, partly furnished—secluded, beautiful natural surroundings — pond. Near Poughkeepsie. $100.00 season. **Isler, Lagrangeville, N. Y.**

SUMMER RENTALS

Fully Furnished for Summer "Aberdeen" (Vineyard Shore School) West Park-on-Hudson, eighty miles from New York. Eight bedrooms, thirty-six acres. Lawn, woods, beaches, old stone cottage on water included. Suitable for family or group vacations. Moderate rental. Telephone: Ashland 4-7867.

Shore Front of Long Island. Bayville. Small furnished house with two-car garage. Railroad station Locust Valley. Dr. S. H. Kirsch, 130 West 57th St., New York City.

Very pleasant four-room furnished apartment available at Radburn, N. J., for the summer months. Address: Box 601, The New Republic.

BOOKS

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

may be rented for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately-printed editions, unabridged translations and extraordinary new books. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion Society
45 West 45th Street, Dep't C-6 New York City

UNUSUAL BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes.

Send for Fascinating FREE Catalogues

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. R,
489 Fifth Ave., New York

FOR RENT

Unusual possibilities, beautiful view of Hudson, three rooms or one spacious room, bath, kitchenette, in refined literary private home. Forced to rent by present conditions. Also doctor or business room on street floor. Riverside Drive, near 110th and 116th Street subway, Columbia, etc. References required. Telephone between twelve and one, Cathedral 8-5630, or write: Box 602, The New Republic.

STUDIO or large living-room with bath, kitchenette, equipped, furnished, serviced. $50 a month or by the week. Brophy, 20 W. 16th St., Phone: TOmpkins Square, 6-9129.

LEBANON Springs, Columbia County, N. Y. Completely furnished and equipped housekeeping four-room apartment. Two porches, hill outlook. Quiet couple — semi-invalid-artist-writer take notice. Information, Browning, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS. Lovely one-room kitchenette, bath. Fully furnished. All subways. $45 month. Call Monday to Friday. Cumberland 6-4154.

Summer rental duplex apartment, Gramercy Park, 7 rooms, 3 baths, terrace, key to Park. $250.00 monthly. Telephone Gramercy 5-0464.

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all outdoor wear—direct from makers. Sample free Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.

FURNISHED ROOMS

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL
Manhattan Beach, N. Y. C.
Live in a modern hotel by the seashore for less than in the crowded city. Room for two: $15 per week and up. Tennis; Handball courts; 37 minutes from Times Square (B. M. T. Brighton Beach Station). Phone: SHeepshead 3-3000.

2 large furnished rooms to let in Sea Gate for the summer. Small family. Kitchen privileges. Glasser, Mayflower 9-4335.

POSITIONS WANTED

Writer: Young man, teacher English, French, University Virginia graduate exceptional personality, wishes September position New York City, unusual references. Salary secondary. Address: Box 581, The New Republic.

Young newspaper man, college graduate, experienced in reporting, editing, make-up, proof-reading, desires newspaper or related work. Address: Box 600, The New Republic.

HOME WANTED

Protestant boarding home for young, attractive mother, who works, and son four. Washington Heights or upper West Side preferred. Motherly interest and supervision essential. Board, $15. Address: Box 484, The New Republic.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

Competent Stenographer-typist, living in Larchmont, will type your manuscripts at home at very reasonable rates. Address: Box 575, The New Republic.

SHARE HOME IN COUNTRY

Wanted congenial woman to share home of mother with four children in Westport, Connecticut. No services required, but will have to pay own small food bill. Mrs. Bloch, 1 West 89th St., Schuyler 4-7528.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,

ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Carefully selected Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

PURE FOOD GUIDE

BARCELONA OLIVE OIL

Virgin pure

Analysis of purity filed with New Republic. Write for free booklet. Barcelona, c/o New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED